Week ending October 13 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

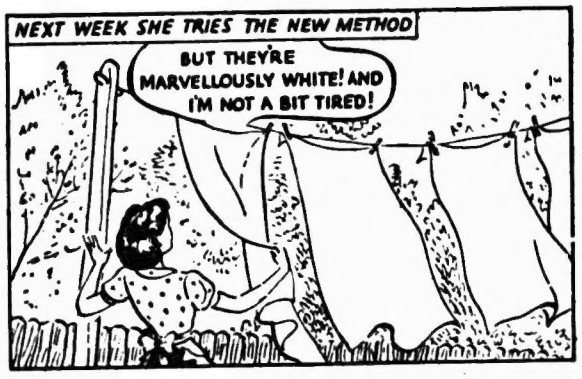
6 NEW WARS?

by Victor Thompson

See centre pages

A HOME OF THEIR OWN

A FRIEND FROM HOME CALLS
I HATE IT HERE! EVERYONE'S SO STUCK UP. THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR DID CALL ONCE – BUT IT WAS WASHDAY AND I WAS TIRED OUT AFTER BOILING
BOILING? BUT MY DEAR YOU NEEDN'T



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"But surely they can't be the same. Mine are in shreds."
"Perhaps you don't wash them in Sylvan Flakes after every wearing."
"Silk stockings! Sylvan Flakes! I could hate you. But tell me, how do you get Sylvan?"
"By asking my grocer, and as it's sold loose now, I ask for it by name."
"And all this time you never told me."
"I don't broadcast the good news, my dear. Sylvan is not as plentiful as all that."

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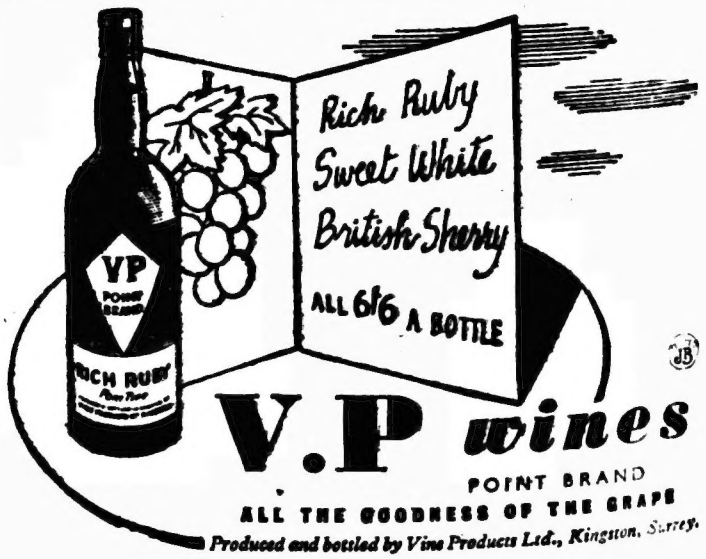

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October 13 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 78 Number 2052 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

WE ARE ON THE MARCH

HOME-FRONT HISTORY is in the making. In that great bomb-battered building by Westminster Bridge, men and women who represent us are moulding the shape of vital things to come.

This week the nation has been told of the great legislative programme that lies ahead. The Bank of England, is to become the property of the people. Britain's coal industry will soon belong to Britain — not to the coal-owners. These are two of the bigger things.

The lot of the old-age pensioner is to be improved. The Serviceman and his family can look confidently for greater justice than they have had in the past. These are two of the myriad smaller things. Smaller things in terms of national politics; all-important things in terms of humanity.

We will forgive Government mistakes when they are honestly admitted and energetically remedied. The one thing unforgivable will be timidity or political shilly-shallying. Respecting, almost to the point of hero-worship, Winston Churchill, the nation replaced him and chose Clement Attlee as the new captain on the Bridge of Britain; knowing the great capacity and experience of so many Coalition Ministers, the electors deliberately sent scores of untried but able and sincere young men and women to Westminster in their place.

DID ALL THIS SHOW LACK OF logic? Certainly not. It showed in fact that British people can distinguish between the needs of war and the needs of peace.

Vigorous and informed criticism when it is necessary; constructive opposition if circumstances demand it; all these Parliament, the people—and JOHN BULL—will have ready.

But we shall have something else. We shall, all of us, have faith in ourselves and the future. We shall have faith in the qualities of the Government we have elected and the nation for whom it speaks and acts.

The Editor

Big Three: What Should Be Done Next?

Sir Walter's Success. Name to Remember. Honours for War Chiefs. Churchill's Choice It Pays to Law-break. "No Wangling" for Service Wives. Girls Who Disgrace Us

THE FIRST MEETING of the Council of Foreign Ministers was a fiasco. No useful purpose is served by pretending it was anything else. They came, they heard, they argued, they dispersed with the sum total of their labours exactly nothing.

Yet, in our disappointment, there is one solid symbol of better things to come We have been told clearly and precisely why the Council discussions ended in deadlock. We know the rocks upon which it foundered.

This indeed is in marked contrast to the conferences that followed the last war. The world was fooled then by optimistic announcements. No matter how fierce the fight behind the conference room doors, statesmen and politicians established a "united front" in favour of falsehood. Not so this time.

Now Where?

The representatives of the Big Powers have laid most of their cards on the table of world opinion. M. Molotov, Mr. Byrnes and Britain's Bevin have made no attempt to hide the nature of their differences.

All this is very much to the good. More than anything else the people must be on their guard against any conspiracy of silence in international affairs. It is easier to face difficulties in the light than the dark.

That fact the Foreign Ministers recognised. They have been frank with each other—and with the world. That, at least is a hopeful sign for the exchange of views between the heads of Governments.

And if agreement on political issues seems unlikely at the moment, should not the statesmen seek international accord on such matters as the distribution of food, coal, oil and other basic commodities?

World Trade Unionism

In marked contrast to the failure of the Council of Foreign Ministers in London is the success of world trade union representatives in Paris. Faced with complicated and hotly-held differences of opinion, they were yet able to hammer out the basis of the new International Federation of Trade Unions.

We congratulate them. We pay tribute to Sir Walter Citrine, leader of the British delegation, whose work in guiding the Paris Conference through its maze of difficulties to agreement has been a remarkable feat of trade union diplomacy.

The one-time young electrician from Merseyside has a skill in delicate negotiation that professional diplomats might envy.

Noel-Baker's Mission

PHILIP NOEL-BAKER, Minister of State, will represent Britain in America during the UNRRA discussions. He will argue, we think, that though international conferences break down in discussing frontiers, they must not break down in discussing famine.

Death, hunger and disease ignore national boundaries. Typhus mocks at turgid arguments on territorial claims. First things come first. The major task of the next two or three years is to rescue ravaged Europe from complete economic and social collapse.

Noel-Baker is a name that many nations, in happier times to come, will remember with affection and gratitude.

Olympic Games M.P.

In the last war, Noel-Baker drove an ambulance. Athletic fans knew him as an Olympic Games runner with a beautiful style. Scholars know him as a young man with an encyclopedic knowledge of world affairs, and an excellent linguist.

His entry into active Labour politics was a natural outcome of practical idealism. Elected to Parliament for Coventry, he was swept out on the 1931 General Election tide.

The great work he had been doing with Arthur Henderson in disarmament, in securing sanity at the League of Nations, in laying the foundation for real world peace counted for nothing.

That "Derby Day"

Using his enforced retirement from Parliament to continue his monumental work in exposing the international arms racket among other things, Noel-Baker was invited to contest Derby in the by-election caused by the "Budget scandal" resignation of J. H. Thomas, who held it for "National Labour."

Winning by a small majority, Derby rectified Coventry's mistake. Back in the House, Noel-Baker, quiet-voiced and modest, added to his brilliant reputation. His son, too, is in the new House.

Now he has greater opportunities than ever of service. The late Arthur Henderson would have been proud of his colleague's part in replanning this stricken world.

Saluting the Victors

THE CABINET has yet to decide whether there will be big money grants to military commanders as was the case after the last war.

In the last war £585,000 was distributed in largesse to leaders in the field. Beatty and Haig each received £100,000; Jellicoe and French £50,000; Trenchard, first Air Chief Marshal, got £10,000.

We shall never forget the bitter comment of a crippled last-war veteran—"If the Passchendaele bloodbath had been bigger, they'd have increased Haig's allowance accordingly, I suppose." This was not fair. But it was felt.

The Government will certainly issue a very full Victory Honours List. All Government and Service departments are now submitting recommendations.

There will be special awards to Commanders-in-Chief. Peerages will be plentiful, with Admirals, Generals and Air Chief Marshals all so honoured.

The Wiser Way

A proposal that special pensions should be given to our most successful military leaders is under discussion and may be approved. But such a proposal would meet with a strong measure of opposition from many of the Government's backbench Servicemen.

On the other hand, it will be argued that our war leaders deserve high recognition, that they had the lives of their men—and all of us—in their hands, and used their great power with successful shrewdness.

Inquest Adjourned

THE "off the record" meeting of defeated Conservative candidates held last week-end had no better luck than the Council of Foreign Ministers.

It, too, "failed to reach substantial agreement." A number of the candidates declared bluntly that the Conservative campaign had been deplorably mishandled.

But deeper than differences about the

STRANGEST STATESMAN OF THEM ALL

MR. EAMON DE VALERA is in trouble again.

Next week (in which he will reach the age of sixty-three) he may be expelled from the Gaelic League because he recently attended a dance where "foreign" music was played—meaning waltzes and foxtrots.

That should not raise his temperature unduly. He is used to hot water.

Once he escaped from Lincoln Gaol. Despite his long wrangle with Britain, he has never been popular with the Irish Republican Army. During the war he was accused of flirting with the German Minister in Dublin, and criticism rose to a storm when he marched solemnly to the German Legation to offer his condolences on the death of Hitler.

He is not an easy man to understand. He is a mystic as well as a politician. Few can claim to be his friend. But very many people are wrong in assuming that he is determinedly anti-British.

True, he once said to Britain: "Go out and have nothing to do with us. We don't want to have anything to do with you."

But he has also told the people of Eire: "If you study English literature you will gradually be led to glory in the things that the English glory in."

And with that we must be content.

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campaign was the rapidly-widening split on fundamental political issues. One section of the Party insists upon fighting practically every form of national planning on principle., The other (and we think, wiser) section is insisting that Conservatism must march with the times, and realises that planning and State controls are here to stay.

The Churchill Role

Winston Churchill's rôle in this controversy is an odd one. All his sympathies are with the anti-planners. His two closest friends, Beaverbrook and Bracken, up to the moment share, and indeed to a large extent, inspire his views.

Yet powerful Party influences are being brought to bear on Winston by the more far-sighted members of the Conservative Party. They declare quite openly that if Conservative leadership in Parliament is going to concentrate merely on maximum resistance to Labour planning proposals, the fate of Conservatism in this country is sealed for a generation.

Hopes Dashed

Conservative organisers were shaken by the by-election results. They had hoped to win Ashton-under-Lyne. They believed they could pull down Labour's majority considerably at Smethwick. It did not work out like that.

"If our Party does not see the writing on the wall, it will not be a Party five years from now."

So declared a young Conservative M.P. in the House of Commons smoke-room ten days after the Labour Government took power. He is not alone in so thinking. The fact he made this statement to a new Labour M.P. was significant. It indicated that a section of the Conservative Party prefer open, vigorous discussion of Party failings to the alternative fate of quiet expiry behind the closed doors of the Conservative Central Office.

Bliss for a Swiss

IN TWO AND A HALF YEARS a Swiss, W. Schrader, and a gang operating with him illegally made 12,000 lampshades valued at £10,000. Schrader was fined £1,000 at the Old Bailey for his offence.

It is ridiculous to impose fines on offenders that still leave them with a comfortable profit for wrong-doing. Yet that is how the law stands at the moment. An alteration is badly needed.

Until fines bear some relationship to illegally made profits, so long will there be the temptation to break the law. Meantime, offenders can appear in court, cheerfully pay the fines, and walk out well on the right side in their profiteering ventures.

Investigate, Please!

Five other foreigners appeared with Schrader in court. It is reported that all but one had been interned in the Isle of Man during the war.

How then did they get the supplies of materials needed to make £10,000 worth of lampshades? Obviously something is radically wrong with the Board of Trade's machinery when legitimate traders starve for supplies while crooks can skim the cream of materials in short supply.

The Schrader case made the law look an ass.

Weary Welcome

IN A VERY DIFFERENT category are foreign trade visitors who come to Britain to discuss strengthening trade relations with British firms. From the welcome they get they might all be Schraders!

Arriving here, these visitors must register at the Aliens Office. If they are staying with friends they must go through the long-winded procedure of getting ration cards from local food offices. In short, everything that can be done to make them waste time and feel unwelcome appears to be done.

Sir Stafford Cripps, Board of Trade chief, should insist that formalities be cut to a minimum with these welcome guests.

NOT ON THE AGENDA

"Mum" for the Med.

FAMILIES OF Regular Army soldiers may soon be moved to join their menfolk in the Central Mediterranean Theatre. The War Office has practically completed its scheme for the transfer of several hundred families as a commencement.

Good! But we ask Minister of War Jack Lawson to see to it that there is no "wangling" in taking advantage of this concession. There must be equal treatment for all.

The Colonel's Lady

In particular we shall keep a watchful eye on the third category to be given a free passage—"Families whose presence in the Central Mediterranean Forces area is considered necessary by the War Office for official reasons," as the War Office puts it.

What reasons? Long before VE-Day we used to wonder at the ease with which certain people appeared in Paris and Brussels for "official reasons." Their only asset was influence in high quarters sufficient to get a travel permit and military transport facilities.

It is a good thing that wives and families should be reunited with Servicemen serving overseas. But we must insist that wives of officers and men shall go in strict proportion. The colonel's lady is no more important than the wife of Sgt. O'Grady.

Don't Blame Joe!

AMONG OUR FRIENDS is a young American soldier waiting to go home. This D-Day stalwart tells us ruefully of two incidents this week where he has been insulted in "pubs" by fools who seem to think the average G.I. has some say in the tough Washington attitude about U.S. aid to Britain.

Could anything be more unfair or more stupid? Yet it happens to be the unfortunate truth that since the U.S. Government ended Lease-Lend an unthinking and small minority of British people have treated American Servicemen with marked coldness.

This is not good enough. A handful of hoodlums excepted, American troops in this country have been and are as decent and likeable as our own boys. They should be treated as guests and neighbours ought to be treated.

Girls Who Disgrace Us

Talking of American troops, it is high time some drastic action was taken about the scenes outside the American Red Cross Liberty Club near Euston Station in London. This club is a leave centre for negro troops. They are exceptionally well-behaved.

But the pavements outside the club are infested by the female sweepings of the district. From 10.30 p.m. until the early hours of the morning women and girls hang about the place, dodging down side streets when the routine police patrol makes its round.

Repeated complaints from nearby hotels, where sleep in rooms overlooking the street is well-nigh impossible, have been made. Some action is needed, not least because many a negro soldier is being ruthlessly robbed by these home-grown harpies of whom we and London are thoroughly ashamed.

London Livens Up

THINGS ARE LIVENING UP for London night-lifers, though food and drink in appropriate quantities and qualities are not available.

The "bottle party" technique still flourishes. Some of these "joints," as U.S. Servicemen properly term them, have made gigantic profits during the war.

It is essential that as soon as possible London's West End shall be cleansed of these rackets. (Wm. Gage's exposure of the Soho crime wave is continued on page 13 of this issue.) Beginning with next year, we are hoping to attract increasing foreign tourist trade. We must not have our visitors swindled by every cheap crook in search of an easy living from bad liquor at big prices.

Tales of Todd

THE TURF BREEDS some amazing characters. Bob Todd is one of the famous ones. At eighteen, he was gambler, bookmaker and tipster. He was the youngest man ever to receive the Royal Warrant for shoeing the King's horses.

Todd has travelled race tracks all over the world. He tells a host of true stories as crazy as that of the bunch of horses and jockeys going all out for the winning post—with an armed madman riding among them!

The merchant prince who won £60,000 in one day's gambling; the plunger who lost a fortune—these are the people Todd knew so well. His story, now appearing in the *People*, is a conducted tour in the fantastic life behind-the-scenes in racing.

Blackpool Calls Out

BLACKPOOL'S NOVEL EXPERIMENT will, maybe, lead to 'bus drivers attending evening classes—for elocution.

Reason for finding 'bust Stuart Hibberts and Liddells: to make visitors aware of the town's places of interest, to make a novelty of an ordinary route, and to save the time of the conductresses.

Along the promenade recently went an ordinary 'bus filled with ordinary passengers. One thing was different: the driver announced through a microphone the stopping places, hotels and amusement centres.

It's quite an idea. Will other towns adopt it?

Last Word

ONE LAST QUESTION: When are the Services going to take care of their property? Children are still being injured or are stealing explosives from ammunition dumps; yet scores of thousands of troops are having to idle away their time. An occasional guard on such dumps would not be a waste of time

Time-wasting paper work is driving many of us mad. We put up with it during the war, but the time has come for drastic cuts in this tyrannny of the Civil Service machine

Nightmare of Form-filling

THE OTHER DAY I had to go to the Food Office. I have a traveller's book, and I have got I never like going there very much, but used to the endless waiting and the dull-witted, bad-tempered women who stamp my book.

Although the room where you wait your turn was not too full, we were all held up by an old woman who had come to arrange for her extra tea ration.

The old woman was almost stone deaf. She looked well over eighty. It appeared that the girl behind the counter wanted to know why, if she was really over seventy, she had not come to ask for her extra tea ration ages ago when the new rule came into force.

There were other difficulties. The girl point-blank refused to let her have the necessary forms until everything was in apple-pie order.

After all, the official was in the right; the legislation said this and that, and until the old woman did as she was required to do, there was to be no tea for her. So it went on for fifteen weary minutes.

All a lot of red tape, you say. So it is, but why are these things happening every day of the week in Government offices all over the country?

These petty officials, and the big ones too, are employed to work for you and me. They live on the taxes we pay to the Government.

Bouquets for Bullets

A friend of mine runs a big motor-car factory near Bradford. During the entire war this factory has, like all the others, turned out war material. The war has been over for many months. But can that man get the necessary materials or men or permission to set about making motor-cars again?

Do the officials in Whitehall who congratulated and flattered him when the factory made guns and bullets give him a welcome when he goes to London and asks for their help in turning over to peace-time production? No, they don't. They waste his time and patience to a fantastic degree.

For them the sudden coming of peace is a nightmare. It has completely disorganised their Civil Service mentalities.

He asks for men and materials. They reply with a sheaf of forms, permissions, authorisations and recommendations. Once upon a time he filled in these papers, but now he uses the telephone or goes to see them instead.

Civil Servants are cautious, self-effacing, unimaginative, honest citizens, without whose aid the whole archaic system would crash.

So long as men and women want a safe job with a pension at the end of it, things will stay as they are.

In peace time these jobs are not easy to get. The examinations are stiff; the job when you get it is often monotonous and the promotion very slow. But—and here's the attraction—unless you do something really preposterous you never get the sack. And, best of all, there's the nice pension at the end of the long day.

Your pay depends on your rank, not on your output or essential abilities.

Many people wonder why the Civil Service methods are so painfully slow to change or modernise. The answer is easy—the Civil Service has no competitors. It does not fight, as in the business world, with dozens of other firms and organisations.

And its employees do not compete. Once a Civil Servant always a Civil Servant. There is no rising young man in the rival firm waiting to jump your job.

A businessman's prestige does not depend wholly on the number of employees. His success or failure is the direct result of his personal powers or organisation.

The Civil Servant's prestige depends entirely upon his rank, the number of people he has under him, and his office furnishings.

An old hand can tell immediately he goes into a Government office what the rank of the occupant ought to be—he looks at the desk, the carpet, the lighting arrangements.

Quite apart from what work they really *do*, the more people a man has on his staff the bigger shot he must be. That's the logic of the Civil Service. The fact that the whole of a Director's staff only do a few hours' work a day and sit idle the rest of their time, does not enter into the picture at all.

In the Civil Service you may get into trouble for doing something; you rarely get into trouble for leaving it undone or passing it to someone else.

I know this is so, I was a temporary Civil Servant and I caused several terrible crises by using the telephone instead of a minute sheet.

I had a responsible and well-paid job. My work was to arrange facilities for certain foreign journalists to visit certain places and meet the people they wanted to see.

Sounds very straightforward, doesn't it—not terribly exciting or secret, you'd admit? Each time one of these foreigners came along—and there were often 15 in a week—I was supposed to write out a minute (in quadruplicate) and send it to the eight different departments interested.

I did it only twice. On both occasions the journalists had gone back home by the time I got the sanctions and permissions back again. Ever afterwards I used the telephone or got into a taxi with the journalist and rushed him round to the various offices in a fraction of the time.

This went on merrily for weeks—one day I walked slap into the permanent Civil Servant who controlled the whole department. To my horror the journalist—a South American—whom I had in tow knew this man and stopped him to offer effusive thanks for all that I was doing for him.

On the Mat

The next morning I was on the mat—or rather pile carpet of the Controller's room. Did I not realise that, before anything, I must "maintain the approved methods in dealing with any problem"—in future I was to sit in the office and write minutes. All taxi trips would henceforth cease—so would my arbitrary telephone calls—the journalists, he said solemnly, "could await official action like anybody else."

The Civil Servant who starts taking decisions into his own hands is playing with fire—I was out of the job in a few weeks.

Few people who abuse the Service have the remotest idea of this perpetual restriction of effort. For instance, the form-filling is, in the first place, a real necessity; but it is what happens to the form *after* you have filled it in that really matters. Scores of people look at it, initial it, stamp it and then put it in a file.

It matters little to-day whether you want an extra ten coupons for your growng child or ten feet of planking for your hencoop, there are endless forms to fill and permissions to get before anything can be done about it.

With the growth of socialism many of the controls already in existence will continue, and a lot of new ones will make their appearance too. The job will have to be put through by the Civil Service. Already it is swollen to a vast army of 750,000, and this might easily be doubled or trebled unless there is a drastic reform of the present organisation.

Form-filling, paper-passing and minute-writing will reach astronomical proportions unless—and there *is* an unless—we are determined to bring the Civil Service up to date.

What can we do about it?

We can start recruiting an entirely fresh type of person to do the work; people whose keenness and ability are proved, whose business training has been such that they really know what is going on in the world outside their Government office walls.

We can insist on a proper revision of the standing orders to Civil Servants on the actual methods by which they do their jobs. For instance, the perpetual "passing the buck" by referring the smallest details to a higher authority, the writing of minutes in triplicate where one copy would do just as well, the absolute refusal to use the telephone for quick decisions; all these things could be stopped.

Complaints Must be Investigated

The possibility of sacking a Civil Servant for inefficiency should be given to all responsible chiefs of departments. At the moment it is practically impossible for a man in a responsible job to get rid of his lazy or inefficient subordinates. Only the establishment officers can sack you, and more often than not they give you a promotion rather than have a showdown or a departmental row.

We—the public—should be able to complain—and have our complaints properly investigated—at the rudeness or inefficiency of these people who, after all, are paid their wages out of the taxes that come from our pockets. Who has ever had any satisfaction yet if they address a complaint to the Civil Service? As long as Civil Servants think themselves absolutely secure against all attack they are not likely to pull their socks up, or keep them up.

Nationalisation is coming. It is necessary. But we have had six weary years of controls, and many are wondering what the future will be like, and whether it will be even more frustrating than the war years.

Planning and control based on the existing machinery of the Civil Service will end in chaos. It is up to the new Parliament to see that the reforms take place and that we are not defeated by the tyranny of paper.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. Paling must act swiftly to revise Pension Scales.

Rt. Hon. Wilfred Paling, M.P.,

Minister of Pensions

DEAR MR. PALING.—At the General Election your majority in Wentworth (Yorkshire) was 35,410—the greatest in the country. Among your constituents you are known as a consistent champion of the underdog. Now, on a national scale, you have the task of securing long-delayed justice for Service pensioners.

I have details of a tragic case, one among many. A man aged fifty, gassed and badly wounded in the last war. First he was granted a full pension. The years went by. His £2 per week was gradually whittled down to 8s. He died recently. His doctor described him as "a physical wreck as the result of war injuries." The coroner wanted to know why the man received only that miserable 8s. pension. So do I.

The present Royal Warrant governing Pension Scales is hopelessly out of date. It is an insult to heroes. It condemns decent men to the penalty of pauperdom because they were crippled serving their country; it brings misery and hardship to their families. I ask you, I ask the Government, to act swiftly.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Jack Lawson, M.P.,

Secretary of State for War

DEAR MR. LAWSON,—I have no doubt that, back home after your tour of South East Asia Command, you have learnt much that you will put to good use.

I hope that among other reforms you will end the present scandal, far too common in the East, of putting units straight from England into unprepared camps where not even elementary sanitary precautions have been taken against disease.

At least 70 per cent. of some unlucky units go down with dysentery within a few weeks of landing. Doctors are complaining of 'complete military incompetence" in health precaution arrangements. Some urgent and precise orders from you are needed.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Arthur Mann,

Former Editor of the *Yorkshire Post*

DEAR SIR,—Yours is a great name in Conservative journalism. You have given a lifetime of brilliant service to your Party. Now you are giving it sound advice. You declare that the Conservative Party fails because its claim to represent all sections of the community has never shown itself on the Party benches in Parliament.

"Very few wage-earners," you write, "have even been returned to Parliament as Conservatives." You declare that the anti-Socialist anti-planning platform of Toryism is rightly rejected by the people. You want a realistic economic policy for Conservatism.

I believe that a constructive Opposition is a great asset to British Democracy. That is why I hope the Conservative hierarchy will have the good sense to take heed of your forthright warning.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Jack Armstrong,

Miners' Officer, Bolton, Lancs.

DEAR JACK,—I have known you a long time as a first-rate miner and a grand trade unionist doing your job at the Clock Face Colliery, near St. Helens. Now your colleagues of the Lancashire and Cheshire coalfields have paid you a magnificent tribute. They have made you the area Pit Production Officer.

Every pit and every miner in the two counties is now your business. You begin your heavy task by knowing it thoroughly. The miners have pledged you maximum loyalty in your drive to increase production, and I think you'll deserve your unique promotion.—JOHN BULL.

Sir William Crawford,

Industrial Designer, 233, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—You deserve success in your campaign to emphasise the importance of design, appearance and packing in extending our export trade.

It is true, as you vigorously point out, that while Britain more than holds its own in workmanship and efficiency we fall far behind the United States and the Scandinavian countries in "industrial art."

The trouble is that showmanship in British industry and commerce has too long been regarded as slightly bad form. We may still think so. But it is what the customer thinks that matters, and you are right to demand recognition of the fact that exports must not only be good—but look good.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman C. R. Gill,

Chairman, Bristol Housing Committee

DEAR ALDERMAN,—You were the leader of your Council in its sensational decision to requisition where necessary all houses offered for sale within the city boundary. The result was immediate—a panic among property owners, a sharp decline in house prices.

It was a bold move. Events so far have supported your case that the desperate housing famine is no time for conventional methods. You are being challenged on points of laws. I express no views on this knotty problem. Only the courts can do that. But I do congratulate you, your Committee and the Council on having the courage of its convictions.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

No Regrets

IT IS REMARKABLE how much wisdom has been offered to men through the long years of the world's history—and how little of it has been appreciated.

There is not much that cannot be found in the writings of the world's great thinkers, no matter how far back you care to go. All anyone can do to-day, on the whole, is to reiterate it and rub it in.

It is a very far cry from these modern and troubled times to the Athens where Plato taught. Yet there is plenty of wisdom in Plato that anyone might listen to with advantage.

Plato discusses, for instance, the effect of age on one's passions and outlook. "If there are regrets," he says, "the cause is to be sought, not in men's ages, but in their characters and tempers; for he who is of a calm and happy nature will hardly feel the pressure of age, but he who is of an opposite disposition will find youth and age equally a burden."

Isn't that true? Isn't it just as true as when it was written?

Therefore make sure that you cultivate a happy disposition Make sure that you try consciously to see the bright side and the better prospect.

Leave regrets to those with less sense than yourself. It is the future that is yours. The past can be wiped out. Wipe it out.

Argument

The last examination results of the year are out. Students know their fate. But—

ARE OUR EXAMINATIONS FAIR?

Yes

1. Written tests, marked by independent examiners, who know candidates only as numbers, make favouritism impossible.
2. Such examinations test knowledge, power of expression, endurance, and nerve—precisely those qualities life will test.
3. Experienced instructors find their own placing of pupils confirmed in all but a negligible percentage of examination results.
4. Intelligence tests gauge only natural ability. Examinations show, in addition, how well or ill the candidates have used what nature gave them.
5. Memory, which examinations test, is a quality of the utmost value. Decisions depend on accurate assembly at a given moment of a mass of details held simultaneously by the mind—not "looked up."
6. Brilliant examinees sometimes fail in life, but on the whole they do not.
7. Written examinations, based on well-conceived questions, and supplemented by oral tests, have proved during one hundred years to be the only fair method of appraising mental quality.

No

1. Examinations test the knack of passing examinations—and nothing else.
2. The problems of the examination room bear no relation to those of life.
3. In written tests, the power of juggling with words may count for more than real knowledge. Independent examiners marking the same student's paper have varied by 20 per cent.
4. A "V.C. and bar" of this war, "a brilliant leader and tactician," very nearly failed his Army course exams.
5. Industry increasingly fights shy of the "examination brain," which often finds its true home in the academic unrealities of the Civil Service.
6. Failure to pass in, say, Latin or mathematics may bar otherwise gifted students from careers in which neither subject will ever be needed.
7. Teachers are themselves in active revolt against the examination system, which cripples true education and fails repeatedly to give an accurate estimate of a candidate's real worth.

"Full employment, higher living standards and the observance of human rights." These words appear in the Charter of the United Nations. Australia's strong-man, Dr. HERBERT EVATT, is responsible for this vital addition to our modern Magna Carta. Fifty Nations signed it. Now read about this

Man Who Won Justice for the Small Peoples

by HANNEN SWAFFER

HERBERT EVATT has suddenly emerged as a world figure—the first Australia has produced since William M. Hughes. Melba's name makes up the triumvirate.

It was Dr. Evatt who, at San Francisco, transformed the Charter of the United Nations into a modern Magna Carta.

It was he who wrote into it the words "full employment, higher living standards, and the observance of human rights," insisting that they should be among the pledged objectives of the fifty signatory nations.

It was he who fought for the dependent peoples. He fought, and sometimes with the big Powers against him, for liberalism, for the freeing of man from the shackles of moneyed imperialism, and for his greater opportunity everywhere.

Indeed, now that Roosevelt has died, Dr. Evatt stands out as the broadest-minded statesman of our time.

Sub-Human Conditions

It was he who, at San Francisco, insisted on trusteeship for the native peoples and compulsory reports on their conditions of health and education and their birth-rates and their mortality figures. "If dependent races live in sub-human conditions," he argued, "it makes for wars."

Until he spoke, the small nations had no champion Many were under the duress of great Powers which threatened their trade and their industries. Some were afraid to utter a word.

"We must not change the Yalta decisions," they were told.

San Francisco, in the opinion of the Big Five, was to be a sort of tea-party at which the small nations should sign on the dotted line. Indeed, "big shots"—Eden and Molotov among them—left early, never dreaming that Evatt of Australia wasn't "playing ball."

He dared to propose 31 amendments to the Charter—and got no fewer than 20 of them carried!

Yet, when the conference began, he was virtually an unknown second-string of two delegates representing only 7,000,000 people. Before it ended, he was regarded, in the words of an American journalist of standing, as "leading spokesman for the world's conscience."

It is amazing to think that, before long, Cranborne, our Caretaker Government's delegate, was claiming credit for amendments which, originally, he had opposed, and that when one of Evatt's proposals reached the Conference he and Halifax "fled to the hills."

His Biggest Fight

It is true that Evatt lost what was, on paper, his biggest fight—that to wipe out the Big Five's power of veto on operations by the Security Council for the peaceful settlement of disputes. It lasted for days.

But, although he was beaten, Evatt ensured a moderate use of the veto power. He focussed the world's attention on its dangers and so, although the words were not altered, he minimised the perils.

That was not Evatt's only war of words with Russia.

"Unless the right of free discussion in the General Assembly is not curtailed," said the Soviet delegate, "Russia will not sign."

Evatt burst out in a rage—but then, like the master of tactics that he is, granted that the Soviets had made a strong point in saying that the wording was too loose. Why should not the Russians, if they were the liberal-minded people they professed to be, help to tighten it without changing the "free speech" idea.

Dr. Herbert V. Evatt, Australia's Attorney-General and Minister for External Affairs, although only a second-string delegate, dominated the San Francisco talks. Then, like other "small nations" delegates, he was barred by the Big Five in London

Charter Saved

So, although only the Australian second-string delegate, Evatt was chosen to join the Russian and United States nominees to settle the dispute. He became one of the Big Three—and it was his wording that was approved. In that way, the Charter was saved.

Also, he got leave for the Press to attend the Assembly's meetings.

When it all began, delegates from the small European States were afraid of Russia and Great Britain. The Latin Powers feared the United States. Many were obvious satellites of the Big Four. Evatt, afraid of nobody, spoke for them.

Who is this Herbert Evatt—this modern champion of liberty, this possessor of Australia's best legal brain, this transformer of his country's vociferous chauvinism into a galvanic force for world justice?

He rose from obscurity by hard work. He gained first honours in three branches of learning at Sydney University. Soon, he was earning a large income at the Bar—but the time came when, because of his Socialist views, Big Business would not hire him. So he accepted small fees for acting for the unions in industrial cases.

Then, emerging from legal exile when Labour achieved power, he became the youngest K.C. in the Empire and, a year later, a High Court judge. His decisions sometimes seemed daringly liberal—but they were never challenged.

Then, when legal eminence was his, he threw it all up and went into politics!

"In a world of insecure foundations," he said, "it is a mistake to value personal security over highly."

So he stood as a Socialist candidate for a seat at Canberra.

Well, Labour won that election—and Evatt was given high office. It is as Minister of External Affairs that, when Australia was in grave peril, in fact on the eve of what was feared was a Japanese invasion, he came to London and demanded planes from Churchill. Short though we were, he got them.

Repaired the Damage

He made, on that visit, many friends and went back respected for his courage and forthrightness. And he repaired, too, much of the damage that Churchill had done by his row with Curtin. To-day, because of him, that is forgotten.

Evatt is an historian and an author who has defended Captain Bligh from the ideas spread by the film "The Mutiny on the Bounty." He is a great authority on cricket and Rugby—even during the Big Five talks in London he invited Ernest Bevin to a lunch to meet the Australian cricketers!—and, when in the States, he is a baseball fan of the Cardinals.

"Bert" to thousands, he is both frank and friendly. He wonders why we endure, here, a "ruling class" of diplomats and high-placed Civil Servants. Above all, he is a humanist, a democrat and a hater of shams. If he had his way, the Mikado would be tried as a war criminal.

Real Partnership

"Tell me your views on the future of the Commonwealth," I said to him, the other day. For we are moving towards a wider and broader understanding of "Empire."

"In an emergency like war," he replied, "the peoples of the Commonwealth will always stick together.

"In peace time, they can co-operate best on a basis of a real partnership of equality, leaving it to one partner to take the lead, if need be, in an area of the world most affecting her."

But, above all, he insists that the Dominions have the right to a full share in all that should make for peace but which, if mismanaged, might make for war. That is not chauvinism but common sense and common justice.

While the Commonwealth has leaders like Herbert Evatt of Australia and Peter Fraser, his great friend, of New Zealand, there is high hope for our future.

Evatt talks, despite his culture and his books on Law and the Constitution, with the Cockney accent spoken so generally in Sydney. He says, for instance, "wye" instead of "way." When, in San Francisco, he referred to the "pyges" of the Charter, American journalists wondered what he meant.

Usually, if I call on him in his London hotel flat, I see coming out some Leftish visitor, an expert on Greece, Palestine or India. For Bert wants to *know*. He does not take the Whitehall view for granted. He will go home the best-informed man on the other side of the Mediterranean.

DANGER! SIX NEW WARS

World peace is menaced in six different storm centres. The danger is too great to be dismissed as just another job for the politicians. It directly concerns the ordinary man. VICTOR THOMPSON tells what is happening, from his inside knowledge as a War Correspondent

Lt.-Gen. Sir P. Christison, British C.-in-C. in Java. Serious trouble centres round the Independence Movement

Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, Shah of Persia, Chief of the Army Party, is ready to take over the country as soon as the Allies depart

Mr. Jinnah, President of the All-India Moslem League, is bitter opponent of Hindus and the British Raj

General Mao Chinese Comm There a rift between Chiang Kai-shek and th

BESET BY TRIBAL FEARS and vanities, the Big Powers make slow progress in the creation of the new, warless world. And while they cautiously manœuvre, as if the atomic bomb had never been, new little wars, any of which might, unchecked, grow into a big one, are beginning to smoulder.

I have seen the beginnings of some of them. . . .

I remember the moody American major I met soon after I arrived in the Far East. He had been sent by General Stilwell to collect machine-gun parts from a dump in Yunnan, and had returned empty-handed.

"The local Chinese warlord," he told me, "said that the guns, although they had come from the Western Allies, were now his property because they were on his soil. He wasn't going to part with them, because he would need them to settle accounts with the neighbouring warlord after the Jap nonsense was over."

The moody major gave his opinion that "the shooting-war in China was phoney," and when I discovered more about it I had to agree that, despite the wonderful endurance of Chiang Kai-shek's ragged armies, there was some truth in what he said.

The best of those armies were engaged not in fighting the Japanese, but in blockading the well-equipped Communist forces of Mao Tse-tung in the North. There lay the deeper conflict.

Chiang has been trying, with Oriental persistence, to persuade the mistrustful Communists into his parlour, and his recent alliance with Soviet Russia was a triumph for his cause. But the rift remains, and if conditions worsen in that exhausted, half-starved country, as they may well do, desperation will lead to violence.

If trouble comes, none of China's big allies will be able to intervene for peace without becoming involved in war.

Southward and Eastward

And now, before we look for remedies, let us glance southward and eastward to the newly "liberated" lands like Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies.

In both of those far-away flashpoints, Nationalist organisations have been in revolt against the return of the white man who used to rule them.

The awakening population there may be glad the Japanese invaders are quitting, but their leaders say they will fight rather than exchange one tyranny for another.

A small British force in French Indo-China has restored order in Saigon, temporarily anyway; and cool General Christison, whom I knew when he had a hard task in the jungles of Arakan, now has probably the worst job of his life in Java, where Dr. R. I. Soekarno, wily puppet "President of the Indonesian Republic" has been defying the returning Dutch.

There are similar Nationalist movements, in other lands in that part of the globe—our own Burma and Malaya, for example.

The Japanese fostered them. They adroitly flattered the leaders of local populations. Half their propaganda—powerful to Asiatic minds though it may have seemed stupid by Western standards—was devoted to destroying white prestige in the East.

The enemy has gone now, but his well-spread ideas about "Asia for the Asiatics" remain. If the white men insist on going back to those areas with their old authority—well, there will be war, the War of Independence in South-East Asia.

Westwards now to India, where the chief news for the past fortnight has been of Hindu-Moslem riots in Bombay. Lord Wavell, the Viceroy, has made a new offer of independence to India, and both the major races of that continent of 400,000,000 people have scorned it.

Nevertheless, Britain, having promised it, must soon almost force independence upon the apprehensive Indians.

Want the Whole Pie

We shall hand it probably to Congress, which, despite its All-India complexion and its Leftist group, is backed by the Indian industrialists, who are among the worst exploiters in the world.

Monocled Mr. Jinnah, leader of the Moslems, is ready to fight any such move. He wants partition, or Pakistan as he calls it, and his young men are already trained. Compromise? When I last saw the Moslem leader in his rich Bombay villa, he said to me: "The Hindu wants to worship a cow and I want to eat it. Where can you find a compromise there?"

He is bitterly opposed to any move that might mean Hindu domination of India. He will fight if Britain quits in favour of Congress. And he and his men are no more interested, fundamentally, in the lot of the half-starved masses than most of Congress is. They merely want the whole pie for themselves, Britain's slice, too.

Nevertheless, all Parties want the British to quit India and are prepared to fight if she doesn't.

Look westwards again. In Persia, the Army Party, headed by the 26-years-old Shah, is poised to take over control of the country as soon as the forces of Britain, America and Russia have departed. They want to get rid of all this new-fangled democracy which has been foisted upon the country in recent years.

Mr. Sepahbodi, the Foreign Minister, demands that every foreign soldier must be out of the country by next Spring; and any day after that, as far as I could discover in gay but excitable Teheran, the balloon will go up.

While I was there, the Quashquai tribes of the South were in revolt against the Shah they hated. Indeed, there are a dozen cross-currents of enmity in the country, and all the conflicting Parties have been waiting only for the big war to be finished so that they could get busy, unhampered, with the settlement of their own feuds.

And so to Palestine, where, says President Truman, Britain ought immediately to instal all the suffering Jews of Germany.

There is going to be an Arab-Jew war in Palestine any day now. The Arabs say they are being turned into a slave-race by the wiles and money-power of the Jews. The Jews point to their undoubted achievements in developing the country.

And the extremist Jews in organisations like the Irgun Zui Leumi, the Haganat and the Stern gang are by acts of violence and Fascist methods continually embarrassing the more sober Dr. Chaim Weizmann, president of the World Zionst Federation and of the Jewish Agency; while warlike Arabs seldom wait for the sanction of their leaders before clouting Jewish heads. Both sides are well armed.

All the Arab world—which means 40,000,000 people in Palestine, Egypt, Syria, the Lebanon, Iraq, Transjordan, Saudi-Arabia and the Yemen—backs the Palestine Arabs. Any large-scale conflict there could bring them all in.

Britain, as referee, must also remember that the whole Moslem religious world, from Cairo to Calcutta, might be roused by injustices, real or fancied, to the Arabs in Palestine.

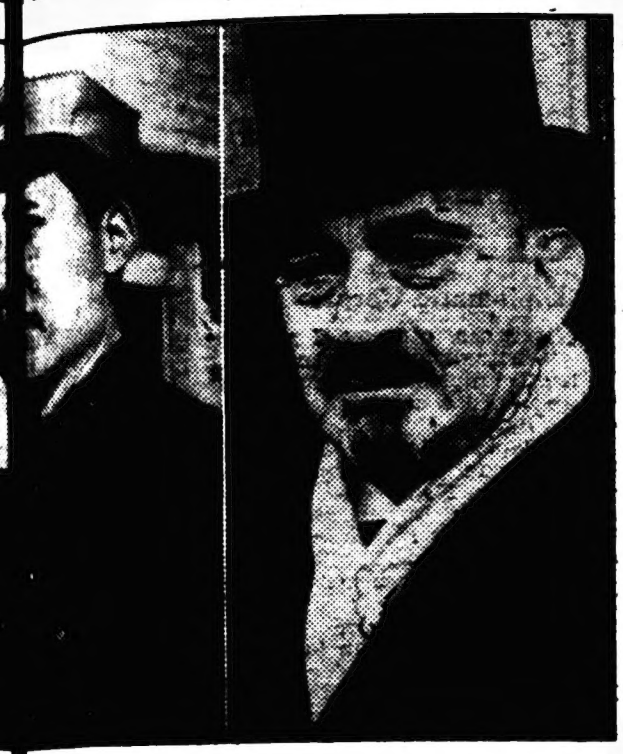
Both sides have been putting their case in London to the Government. Both sides are instransigent. There is no more chance of friendly agreement than there is between the Hindus and Moslems of India. So—watch out for a conflagration in Palestine, too.

War in Europe Again?

We come, in our rather pessimistic tour of the world, to Europe, where almost any of the liberated countries might provide a war.

Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy, France, Belgium—all of them have seen internecine bloodshed and any of them may see more. Then there is Spain, where tottering Franco may yet fight before he falls.

The situations in those countries are well known here, and I need not elaborate them in this



Mao Tse-tung, Communist head. a dangerous en Chiang Kai- d this leader

Dr. Chaim Wiezmann, greatest figure in world Zionism, renounces terrorism, and plans a National home for Jews in Palestine

summary. Plainly, though, all of them are ripe for further civil strife, and it is fair to forecast that at least one of them, if she is not cured from outside, will fall victim to the lure of mass murder.

These are the chief of the new little wars I have seen brewing within the great one—and some are not so little.

Any one of them *could* involve us all again.

Piecemeal settlements may be imposed by one or other of the Great Powers with interests in those troubled territories, but no permanent calm can be achieved in that way; for the more one studies these problems, the more one realises that, widely though their immediate causes may differ, they are all part of the world revolution which has been and still is convulsing our globe.

Maintaining order by the threat of machine-guns and the patrolling of alien troops merely defers the final showdowns and embitters all parties—yet what intervening Power could offer a more constructive policy than such measures.

More Lasting Remedies

More lasting remedies are needed. As far as I can see, they can come only from a real and strong World Authority imposing on all the world the ideals of the Atlantic Charter (but not its reservations) and the Four Freedoms.

Under its legislation, all quarrels of the sort I have outlined would be submitted to a World Court for arbitration. The word of that court would necessarily be backed by a world police force owing allegiance to no flag but that of the world community (and solely in charge of atomic bombs!).

An impossible dream that grows more remote every day? Pessimists may point to the disagreements of the Big Five, and ask how real internationalism can come to pass when, at the moment, the Foreign Ministers cannot even issue a joint communiqué on their differences.

Nevertheless, internationalism is invisibly spreading, even while the old slogans are being shouted and the old flags flown.

The Great Powers are co-operating in many matters of world economics—and economics are at the root of all wars.

Co-operation grows. It *must*, if we are to avoid new Dark Ages and the little wars that may become big.

And what the ordinary man and woman can do to hasten its development is to prepare their own minds for the new ideas and to cleanse them of all the passions and prejudices of pre-atomic days.

Educate the Employers!

"Back to my old job"—it sounds fine but it's not always so easy. Often employers need educating as much as employees. Here is how and why, says JOHN CASHEL

SIX YEARS in the Services make a difference to a man. The office boy who left in 1939 comes back a skilled mechanic, or as an experienced navigator, an officer or an N.C.O., who has learned the art of leadership or administration.

What happens when he arrives in his civvy suit and presents himself to his old firm?

The law says that he can get his old job back. But in many cases that is not good enough.

The Army authorities have foreseen this problem. Instead of washing their hands of the men at the demobilisation centre, they are trying to do something.

They have appointed an officer—Lieut.-Col. R. A. C. Radcliffe—to look after the interests of ex-Servicemen.

Officially, the Colonel has been lent by the Directorate of Army Welfare Services at the War Office, to be adviser on resettlement to the Ministry of Labour.

"Thanking Heaven"

In practice, it won't be so much the Ministry of Labour to which he'll be giving advice, as the employers.

"The main job," he says, "is visiting employers, talking with them, helping them to understand the point of view of Servicemen and women who have changed a good deal since they left, developed in leadership and management, acquired new qualifications.

To give them their due, the employers themselves are warned about the position. But Colonel Radcliffe thinks they're looking at it in the wrong way.

"I have even heard one or two of them," he says, "hold up their hands and ask, 'What can we do with men who have developed like this?' Instead they should be thanking heaven that they've got such men to use.

So the Colonel, speaking for the Army, has already begun to give advice to the employers. "The very thing," he tells them, "is to let your men and women know you've got them in mind, and that when you interview them and find out about their new qualifications, you will fit them into the right job where you can make the best use of them."

After Years Overseas

Adjusting themselves to civilian life will be particularly difficult for those returning after three or four years overseas and the younger fellows who have grown up in the services and known no other kind of adult life.

Colonel Radcliffe believes that much of the awkwardness of re-adjustment is due to the fact that men, to compensate themselves for the unpleasant things of war, always create dream pictures of the things to which they are going to return. The old job, as well as the home, becomes in imagination far better than it ever really was.

So there is bound to be a period of disappointment after the first honeymoon of the return, a time when the men feel bitter, uncertain of themselves and everyone else.

In the physical and mental change to civilian life the men may feel "off colour" for a time.

Some firms have found it wise to give their foremen a certain amount of discretion in letting men knock off early, or take a half day, or an extra half hour break in the canteen if the hours are obviously getting them down.

But that is only a temporary expedient. More important is Colonel Radcliffe's advice to all employers to find out what extra skill and experience their employees have acquired, to recognise it, and to use it. Here are his own words on the subject:

"The Services have learned many lessons through people coming in with industrial and other experiences and saying, 'Good heavens, why do you do it in that old-fashioned way? This is the way to do it.'

"Now it is the turn of some employers to learn.

"These men will look to their employers, managers and foremen for good leadership. If they find it, they'll be good workmen, having learnt on service the value of discipline, co-operation and loyalty.

"If they do not find it—and they know the difference at once—they may be difficult to handle.

How, Why, and When

"So, put your people in the picture. Tell them the how, why and when—and tell them truthfully in words they can understand. Consult them as you have done on your joint production councils and works councils. Develop informal personal contacts with them so that they get a sense of comradeship."

Many men will return and be unable to find the house or make the home for which they have waited so long.

Are these private affairs the concern of employers? "Certainly," says Colonel Radcliffe. "The Army found that unhappy and worried soldiers made bad soldiers. In the same way unhappy and worried workmen make bad workmen."

The answer is not charity—that is the last thing Servicemen want. But there are other ways. Loans free of interest, offered by the firm as a properly organised scheme. Arrangements to supply furniture, perhaps also on loan.

Above all, the establishment of a personal relationship between the management—all grades of management—and the men, so that a man can unburden his troubles to someone in a position of authority.

Our first duty is to give the men and women who come back from the Services a job. Our next duty—equally important—is to see that the job we give them fits their qualifications and experience.

There is plenty of good will, and the majority of employers are just as anxious as anyone else to see that the men get a fair deal.

Some of them have started schemes of their own which are very much along the right lines. Colonel Radcliffe shows a booklet which a firm of motor manufacturers is sending out to all its forcemen employees who are still in the Services.

Assurances for Men

It assures them, wherever they are, that they will all get their jobs back; that their "history cards" have been kept up to date so that all will benefit from any increased rates or special awards; that there will be up-grading, improver and refresher courses, and a retraining shop for those who need them; that there will be holiday concessions, "receptions" to help those returning feel at home, and personal and welfare departments to aid them with housing and all sorts of domestic problems.

Even so it's not going to be easy for the men. They will have to make an effort themselves, and put up with civilian inefficiency and blundering as they have put up with the well-known incompetence of brass-hats for the last six years.

But they ought to be made to feel that the boss, even if he's stupid, is at least trying and wants to meet them on common ground.

That is Colonel Radcliffe's theory. That is the advice he is giving to employers

Under the tuition of an "old hand," soldiers become skilled workers. They are fit for better jobs than before they were called up. Their new status must be recognised

Boy Who Defeated the Admiralty

Branded as a thief and a forger, faced with a criminal stigma for the rest of his life, a 13-year-old boy fought a powerful institution — and won his case. VINCENT BROME reviews his story.

AUTUMN CAME EARLY that year, with still, crisp days and flawless skies. But for Martin Archer-Shee it was an autumn full of foreboding.

Word had reached him that My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty were about to dismiss his son from the Navy.

Young Archer-Shee was accused of stealing a 5s. postal order, and steadfastly refused to admit the crime. In the weeks that followed, Mr. Archer-Shee tried to discover the truth from his son, but the boy's denials continued so resolutely that he decided to press the Admiralty for a full explanation.

So began the most remarkable case in British naval history. It set a thirteen-year-old boy against all the might of the Admiralty—and, in the end, brought that magnificent edifice to its knees.

By profession, Martin Archer-Shee was a bank manager, but it quickly became evident that he was no ordinary bank manager. His first attempts to extract the facts from the Admiralty brought him up against the vast complacency of naval bureaucracy. Every question he put to them was politely absorbed by the traditions of silent service.

Astonishing Step

But Archer-Shee was persistent. For months he went on prodding and probing. The months lengthened into a year, and still he did not give up.

Still, too, the Admiralty continued its stone-walling. Perhaps they hoped that they would eventually discourage him. Their tactics, however, had exactly the opposite effect.

In a fury of resolution Mr. Archer-Shee finally took the astonishing step of engaging no less a person than Sir Edward Carson, the eminent lawyer, to fight his son's cause. It electrified the naval world.

Alexander Woollcott, in his latest book, *Long, Long Ago* (Cassell, 8s. 6d.), reveals the story behind the story for the first time. He tells the inside stories of a dozen curious episodes.

The book is full of good things, but for the British reader the Archer-Shee story stands out. In the first place it concerns Britain, and in the second, as

Alexander Woollcott, well-known American writer and wit, tells this unusual story in "Long, Long Ago," the last book he wrote before he died recently

Woollcott writes: "The student eager to master the details of the Archer-Shee case must depend on such scattered odds and ends as he can dredge up from contemporary memoirs and from woefully incomplete reports. . . . But within recent months, by a series of curious chances too fantastic to have been foreseen, a complete private record of the entire case has come into my possession."

The boy's legal position was doubtful. He had lost his civilian rights by becoming a cadet, without reaching that status which entitled him to a court martial. Even to get a hearing for his case Carson was forced to revive the ancient device known as the Petition of Right. If the King consented to write across the petition, "Let Right Be Done," then the case could be brought to court.

Branded

Nearly two years after the postal order was stolen, the trial of George Archer-Shee versus the Admiralty began. Carson made a magnificent opening speech. "His son was branded as a thief and as a forger, a boy thirteen years old was labelled and ticketed, and has been since labelled and ticketed for all his future life, as a thief and forger . . ." he said.

The chief witness in the case was Anna Clara Tucker, the clerk in the local post office. In fact, the whole of the Admiralty's evidence depended on her testimony.

Cross-examined by Commander Cotton, she said that two cadets had come to the post office that day. One of them to buy a 15s. 6d. postal order, and the other to buy two totalling 14s. 9d.

Was it one of these cadets who had cashed the stolen order?

Yes, it was. Then came the crucial question—Could the postmistress identify this young man? No, said Miss Tucker, the uniform made them look too much alike for that. Then how could she know which boy cashed the stolen order? She remembered that the boy who had bought the 15s. 6d. postal order also cashed a 5s. one, and her records showed that the name of the boy was Cadet Archer-Shee.

Sir Edward Carson singled out this part of the evidence for special attention. It soon became clear that he was staking his whole case on these few sentences, but he went about it with disarming gentleness.

Had the issue of the 15s. 6d. postal order and the cashing of the 5s. order taken place simultaneously? he asked. No. One after the other. What actual time elapsed between issuing one and cashing the other? She wasn't sure.

If any of these jobs took her away from the window, and while she was away one cadet took the place of another, she might not notice the difference? Yes, that was true. So that one cadet might, in fact, have taken the place of another. Possibly. How then could she be sure that the cadet who bought the 15s. 6d. postal order was the same cadet who cashed the 5s. one?

Boy Vanishes

A ripple of excitement went through the court as Carson reached this climax. It was quite obvious that Miss Tucker's evidence *against* Archer-Shee had been converted into evidence *for* him. By the time the Court adjourned that day Carson had as good as won the case.

Immediately the court reopened on the fourth day, the Solicitor-General said, "As a result of the evidence that has been given during the trial—I accept the statement of George Archer-Shee that he did not write the name on the postal order and did not cash it."

But here is another episode which happened behind the scenes after the case. When the jury and the relations were crowding round the father and Sir Edward Carson to congratulate them, Sir Edward turned to speak to the boy. He wasn't even in court! Later in the day, George appeared at Carson's rooms to thank him.

Where, asked Carson, had he been? Well, sir, he had been out the night before and overslept that morning.

"Overslept!" writes Woollcott. "For weeks Carson himself had hardly been able to get any sleep. Overslept! My God!"

GROWING RACKET IN FOOTBALL "TICKETS"

ANOTHER FOOTBALL SEASON is on its way. With it comes the football ticket racketeer.

All tickets work on the same principle. A list of teams engaged in matches on the Saturday is printed on the inside. Each team bears a number, and two numbers are given on each ticket. These numbers correspond with two of the teams.

If the teams score more goals than any other two on the list the buyer of that ticket gets first prize. It can be as high as £20, depending on the price charged or possible combinations of two.

All tickets are sealed so that no buyer can see his two teams until he opens them.

Millions of these tickets are sold each season in works, factories, amusement rooms, and pubs.

Agents have lists of clients who buy from one to a dozen tickets each week. Sometimes the agents find themselves involved with the law. One thing is certain, the profit is too high compared with other forms of gambling.

The Tote at any local greyhound racetrack is content with 6 per cent. of the takings for running expenses and profit. But I have yet to see a football ticket that did not register a terrific profit for the promoter.

I've seen a ticket with a £10 prize for 6d. But when all the tickets are sold in that batch of printing the seller gets £25. Thus, the buyer is backing a 1,000-to-1 chance and only getting 400-to-1.

This ticket isn't as bad as some. I remember a fellow selling tickets for Saturday's matches.

The ticket offered £10 to the owner having *three* teams scoring the most goals. The price was 2d. Men almost stampeded to buy them. Some men bought a dozen tickets.

It looked a good thing, but the list of teams and possible combinations made the prize a small fraction of the takings.

The law tries to protect minors against gambling. A young person cannot gain admittance to a greyhound racetrack and cannot enter football pools, but there is nothing to stop an agent selling a ticket to a boy or girl.

Sometimes there are words on the tickets to try to make them legal. One I have seen bears the name of a horse engaged in a race, and notice that the buyer has bought the tip and enters the FREE contest. Another states the price is a voluntary subscription to an organisation and entitles entry for free contest. But does a buyer want the tip or the chance to subscribe?

Surely an organisation should seek its funds in another way.

Convictions can be registered if tickets are sold for private gain. Employers could end it. I wonder if employers, managers, and foremen know the countless hours of working time these agents waste.

INMAN RACE.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Diplomatic Corpse

"BY GAD, OLD BOY, I see that they're actually thinking of letting women become diplomats. This man Bevin has appointed a committee to report on it."

"But . . ."

"Women in the Diplomatic Corps! I tell you, old boy, the world's going to the dogs. I suspected it before the last war when women started going into offices. Now I know. Damme, even my club is thinking of allowing women into the main lounge on one afternoon a week."

"But. . . ."

"If it didn't mean losing the Empire, I should laugh at the idea of women diplomats. Ha-ha-ha—'Mrs. Twaddle, Britain's Ambassadress to Timbuctoo.'"

"But women are nearly always diplomatic. Look at your wife."

"That's a good one! She never opens her mouth when I'm about."

"But . . ."

"MY DEAR FELLOW, I can see these women diplomats at an important power conference, handing over India and the Colonies to a lot of foreigners in the first ten minutes, and then spending the rest of the time talking about hats."

"But . . ."

"Slapdash, old boy. No notion of the importance of their work. I remember when I was in the Foreign Office we once occupied sixteen luncheons in deciding whether to spell it Jugoslavia or Yugoslavia."

"But did it matter?"

"My dear chap, I'm afraid you don't understand diplomacy. You're as bad as these women. I can tell you, old boy, the first time they attend a peace conference, they'll land us in a war."

"But . . . not if they're wives and mothers they won't."

"And they'll waste all their time talking about grocers' bills."

"But grocers' bills involve food and money, which are both very important."

"YOU'RE JUST BEING niggling, old boy. Of course diplomats have to think of food and money. Half their bargaining weapons would be lost if they didn't."

"But . . ."

"Besides, old boy, I disapprove of mixing sex and diplomacy—except, of course, at official receptions or perhaps a quiet little dinner in the evening. But get them at a conference and they'd be waving their legs at people before you could say 'territorial rights.'"

"But. . . ."

"And what do these women know about finding a formula?"

"But . . ."

"I remember once at some talks on peace, it took us a couple of months to find a formula which allowed some countries to make war if they wanted to."

"But . . ."

"And what about frontiers? They'd just get out a school atlas and draw lines without realising that, very often, such things as mines and oil and ore deposits mustn't be allowed to fall into the hands of the countries that own them."

"But . . ."

"They'd chatter and gossip, and just because a conference was called 'frank and open,' they'd give away all the secret aims. They'd blurt out everything everyone was trying to keep quiet. No, old boy, they'd be hopeless. As I said to Fothergill the other day, the really good diplomat is the man who means what he says without saying what he means."

Post-war Credits: Should Needy Cases Be Paid?

How to stop Queues. Battery "Ban" on Radio. Safety advice from a driver. New trick by thieves. How £250 winner did it. Bicycling memories. What Americans think. Shop other countries miss

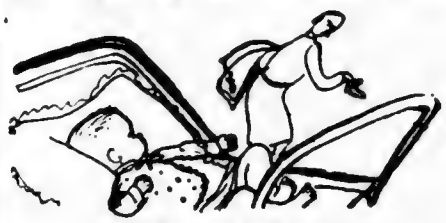
I WONDER if the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his next Budget, will give any consideration to people in my position? I am suffering from cancer of the stomach, and the doctors can do nothing for me. In other words, I am waiting to die.

My National Health benefit is just 12s. a week, of which 5s. 3d. is spent on milk.

On the other hand, I hold between £30 and £40 in post-war credits. I feel that the money is mine, but I cannot touch it. I should find this money very useful in the last few months of my life. There must be a great many other people, either very ill or very elderly, who are in a similar position. These credits should also be released to people recovering from long illnesses so that they could rebuild their strength to resume work. — F. M., Devonshire (address enclosed).

Robbed Her Baby

MY FRIEND LEFT HER BABY in the pram outside a store in Coventry the other day. When she came out she found a golliwog had been stolen from



"The little shoes had gone"

the sleeping baby's arms. Another friend came out of the local food office on a very cold day to find someone had stolen her pram cover.

I have a baby girl aged five months whose father, a pilot officer, was killed over Germany last year. I left her outside a shop with nothing obviously stealable. Yet, when I got back, the little shoes had gone from her feet. I enclose my address but please don't print it.—Mrs. M. E., Coventry.

"My First Queue"

I AM AN ARMY OFFICER and had my first experience of queueing in a big London store the other day. I had heard all the jokes about it. It is not a joke.

I believe that if every man in the country, from Cabinet Ministers down, had a taste of queues they would be stopped mighty quick. In the meantime, housewives keep their tempers and their sense of fair play—if my one and only queue is anything to go by.—LIEUT. M. G., W.1. (Address enclosed.)

Fifty Years a Socialist

I WAS ATTRACTED to Socialism over fifty years ago by reading things like Blatchford's *Merrie England*, the paper the *Clarion*, and by listening to the speeches of Hyndman and Lansbury. I took an active part in local Socialism and soon found that to keep a job it was as well not to proclaim one's beliefs too loudly.

Thereafter, I always argued that Socialists should be good workmen and make themselves indispensable to their employers. Now I am a crippled old-aged pensioner trying to live on my pension. I see the seed we worked so hard to sow is bearing fruit. But it is even more important that Socialists should be the best workmen to justify their principles and their manhood.—H. CAUSON, 83, Eastgate, Pickering, Yorks.

Doomed to Silence

SINCE I TOOK my wireless licence out in January, I have only had about six weeks' listening because I cannot get high tension batteries. The last I had cost 15s. 6d. and lasted a month. In the country we have to depend on batteries and something should be done for us.—MRS. M. C., Windermere, Westmorland.

Free Speech

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

Slow for Safety

I AM A LORRY DRIVER of considerable experience and believe that it is the worst possible advice to tell a child to *hurry* across the road. A child will think that he must run if you tell him to cross quickly.

This often means a sudden dart from the pavement—and another accident. Always tell a child to walk across a road. —T. BLOOR, 8, Smethurst Street, Little Hulton, Bolton, Lancs.

'Phone Crooks Flourish

PEOPLE WITH TELEPHONES in the Manchester area have recently been robbed in a clever way. A man knocks at the door, asks if he may make a most urgent business call. He uses the phone and thanks the owner profusely. The next day he is in the neighbourhood and calls in with a couple of theatre tickets: "For your kindness yesterday," he says. "It helped me a lot, and, of course, I couldn't offer money."

The house is left empty while the theatre tickets are being used and the polite stranger and his cronies make another call to remove anything that takes their fancy.—JACK STATTER, 22, Rathbourne Avenue, Manchester 9.

His Hospital Hobby

INCLUDED IN the "diversional therapy" of every hospital should be a course of "Bullets." I can thank JOHN BULL for many pleasant hours spent on the best of competitions. Even before you sent me that telegram recently, my hobby had really helped. I first started competing ten years ago, but had to stop when sent to West Africa. About three months ago I started again while in hospital.

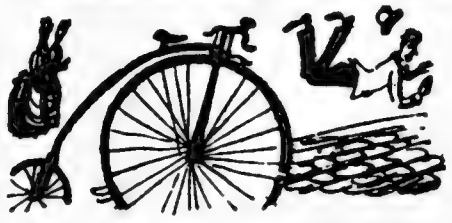
My First Prize "Bullet" took me less than five minutes to phrase, but the idea was the result of some hours of thought. It's good to think around things and store your ideas at the back of your mind.—A.C.1. A. STORK, Ward 6, R.A.F. General Hospital, Church Village, Nr. Pontypridd.

*** JOHN BULL's telegram, sent to reader Stork's home address—239, North Road, Cardiff—told him that he had won £250 with the "Bullet." FOR GOOD OR EVIL—EVERY THOUGHT—EVER THOUGHT?

Mind My Bike

IN 1888 I THOUGHT I WOULD TRY riding a "penny-farthing" bicycle. I learned on the cobbled streets of East London, but it was a bit rough going over the handlebars regularly, so I cycled into the City

Threadneedle Street was nice and



"Going over the handlebars regularly"

smooth, but as I was passing a stationary bus, the bell rang and the horses pulled out, catching me broadside, and sending me and the bike over to the Bank of England. In those days we looked on safety cycles as grown-ups look on scooters to-day.—A. BYRNE, 8, Cedar Avenue, Waltham Cross, Herts.

Street Hold-Up

NOW THAT THE AMERICANS are going home, I have been wondering what impression they will take back of our children. Over and over again I see children pestering American soldiers, not only for chewing-gum, but for money, cigarettes and chocolates.

I have seen children retaliate when

"Stop that man! There's been an alteration in the demob plan"

"I have seen children retaliate"

they are refused by swinging on the back of an American's coat and making quite a scene.—MISS J. GRIFFITHS, 630, Hartshill Road, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent.

Priority—Chips

IN ALL THE COUNTRIES I have visited, free of charge in khaki, one outstanding British feature has always been missing—the fish and chip shop.

One of the delights of the return to Civvy Street will be a couple of penn'orth from the shop round the corner.—Sergt. A. R. T., Whitchurch, Cardiff.

Well, We'll be Hanged!

IT IS MY DUTY to call attention to the article, "Junk at Millionaire's Prices," by William J. Gage (JOHN BULL, September 29). It must have been written with the deliberate intention of creating "disaffection," as there is scarcely a word of truth in it.

For your information, *all prices of clothing*, including non-utility, are very strictly controlled from the raw materials upwards. The difference in prices is due not only to different qualities of materials, but also to the "blackmail" exercised by tailoring workers on the manufacturers, whom they compel to pay them *very high wages, free of tax.*

There is only one course of action you can take—the publication of the *truth*, or the immediate dismissal of Gage and the Editor, who should be prevented from pursuing journalism ever again. Frankly, if I had the power to do so, Gage would be strung up in Oxford Circus for a week and, if he survived this, he would be hung outside your offices.—F. DOUGLAS WARD, 26, Avenue Road, Highgate, N.6.

*** Mr. Ward seems to have misinterpreted the point of the article. It objected, not so much to prices of clothing, as to the poor quality of high-priced articles. All prices quoted in the article were carefully verified before publication.—EDITOR.

The Pain of Doubt

NOT LONG AGO I came into close contact with sudden death in my family for the first time. The effect has been greater than I had expected. I am afraid, really afraid. Not of dying, but of being dead.

I have no faith in life after death—that is the reason for my terror. I have had a religious upbringing and I was christened and married in church. I often pray.

But I cannot see any logic in the thought that after death I can possibly survive anywhere else. I think belief has been created only because men cannot bear to imagine they will cease to exist. I'm sure that if I could share in it I should be much happier.—MRS. J. A., Rochdale, Lancs.

JOHN BULL SHORT STORY

VIGILANTE

by NORAH LOFTS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAINE

He wanted to install the ideal tenant at Little Garth. A retired Army man, perhaps, who played chess and was a fairly good shot. But such a neighbour only existed in his dreams. A scheming woman was more realistic

I SHALL NEVER SPEAK TO Mollie Prescott again. That is a vow, and I mean to keep it, though it will be very difficult, for it looks as though she will be my nearest neighbour for the rest of my life, and already my attic, cellar and garage are full of thumping great boxes which she has sent to me for storage.

You see *she* thinks that she is coming to live next door to an old, if rather exasperated friend, whereas really she is settling down by a deadly enemy.

And this is why.

I've known Mollie for many years and admit that, when she is minding her own business and not trying to be funny, she is a very charming creature.

She must be nearly sixty now, but she's still dashed attractive, with a milk-and-roses complexion and hair that is quite as pretty now that it is white as it ever was when it was golden.

But the trouble is that she has always had her own way, and always been able to laugh herself out of any unpleasantness which her wilfulness has brought on her. Well, this is one situation that she won't carry off with an airy smile.

Until quite recently I owned two houses. The one in which I have lived all my life is the family house, built by my great-grandfather. It is called Great Garth.

The smaller house next door was built ten years later, after the old man had come to the conclusion that my great-aunt Susannah would be better under her own roof. But he—or she—saw to it that the smaller residence was as sound and tasteful as his own.

It is called Little Garth, and until early in 1939 it was let to a tenant whom I had chosen out of twenty to be my neighbour, a Colonel Poppegar, who shared my taste for quiet living.

POOR OLD Poppegar died in April, and before I could find anyone suited to take his place in my house and my life the war had begun and the soldiers had commandeered the house.

I was not especially pleased by the thought of soldiers' jokes being scribbled on the white panels of the little drawing room, or of soldiers' boots scraping over the floors, but still war is war. And all things considered I must admit that they treated the house well and they certainly provided so many scraps for my hens that the meal rationing hardly inconvenienced them at all.

The soldiers left the house in April of this year, and when I had had some panes of glass mended, the hall floor planed smooth again, and all the paint washed I began, after six years, to look about for Poppegar's successor.

I had not, however, found him when Mollie Prescott came to stay with a mutual friend of ours, Meg Hessleton, and gave out that she intended to look for a house in our neighbourhood and settle down in our midst.

Instantly I thought of Little Garth and became very wary. Up to that time I liked Mollie very well; as I have said, she was attractive to look at, and, in small doses, amusing to listen to.

But I did not want her for so near a neighbour. I didn't want any unattached woman installed at Little Garth, and of all women I wanted Mollie almost least.

I knew what it would mean . . . borrowing my cook when she had a dinner party; borrowing my gardener, "Just to take a tiny snip off the hedge, Edward, dear," and keeping him for the whole day; constant running back and forth, perpetual busybodying, everlastingly having the funny side of everything pointed out to me. I knew Mollie.

"Oh, but what a shame. That dear little house. What happened, Edward? Didn't Major Dunnett take it? You should have let me know"

But of course I had to ask her to dinner; and of course she told me all about the breakdown she had incurred through nursing all through the war in some hospital; and though I wondered how many of the staff and patients had also had breakdowns I was weak enough to think that she did look rather frail and tired and quietly tell her that she must take things easy for a bit.

That did it. She had the bad taste, the effrontery, to ask me, point blank across my own dinner table, whether I would sell her Little Garth.

"My dear," I said with complete honesty, "nothing would induce me to sell that house. I'm sorry."

"Let me lease it, then. . . ." That was the sort of woman she was. No finesse. Blind to the fact that had I wanted her for a neighbour I should have qualified my refusal to sell with an offer to let.

"Sorry again," I said, "but I've promised it already. The negotiations are in the final stage."

"Meg hadn't heard anything about that," she said ingenuously. So they'd settled the thing between them, had they?

"Perhaps not," I said a little coldly.

"Who's going to have that darling little house, Edward?"

I thought rapidly.

"A Major Dunnett. . ." The curious thing was that as soon as I gave my mythical tenant a name I saw him clearly; he was two years older than I, played chess almost as well, was not quite such a good shot, was poor enough to appreciate the little favours I could do him, but well-off enough to return hospitality. The ideal tenant.

"What's he like?" Mollie asked.

"I haven't seen him yet, but he sounds just the person I've been looking for."

"But, even so," she persisted, "you could turn him down, surely, if you said you'd sold the house instead. Honestly, Edward, dear, it's exactly the place I want; small, but nice; and near to all my friends. Wouldn't you like me next door, Edward? We're both lonely now."

SHE LOOKED at me coyly, blinking her eyes and smiling. "I'd give you two thousand for it. I dare say Meg's told you how hard up I am. This Far East business, you know. But I could raise that."

"The house is not for sale."

"Edward, I'll sell Grandmother Swann's jewellery and give you two thousand five hundred. That'll dispose of Major Dunnett for you." She spoke as though my mythical tenant were an incubus I was anxious to shift.

"I'm sorry, Mollie, but it's no use. I won't sell the house, and I can't honourably let it over Dunnett's head."

I changed the subject firmly. Mollie left and a few days later I heard that she had gone to stay in Gloucestershire where she hoped to find a house. I congratulated myself upon a narrow escape.

June came and Little Garth still stood empty. I was beginning to believe that the desirable tenant of my dream existed nowhere outside them.

I could have let the house twenty times over, but always to solitary females who might be dangerous, or to families of children, or to people who bred dogs or looked as though they'd have difficulty in finding the rent, or would give rowdy parties.

I began to wonder uncomfortably whether all the men of my own kind had died off. And I must invent some plausible story about Major Dunnett for Meg Hessleton's consumption soon.

Towards the end of the month I received a letter from Mollie.

She was still homeless, "all alone in the world and homesick for old friends," still set on living in Little Garth. She would buy it for three thousand, or rent it at any price I asked within reason.

I wrote to her, quite kindly, and repeated my refusals. Then in July there was some nonsense in the papers about lawless people, self-styled "Vigilantes," who were going around taking houses without the owners' permission and installing "deserving cases" in them.

AND ALMOST AT ONCE there was some serious talk about town and county councils assuming the power to requisition houses as they needed them. I was a little concerned by this, although, after reflection, I realised that I need not be.

Ours is a thinly populated district, and there are several cottages and a villa or two which have not been occupied since the London evacuees went home. So I went on looking for Major Dunnett.

And then, one morning in the middle of July, I went along to Little Garth to see if any of the torrential rain of the previous night's thunderstorm had come through the roof. And there, pasted across the door, was a strip of paper, and bore the single word "Requisitioned," and in the corner of the paper was the stamp of the county council office.

I was literally aghast. I did not even enter the house, but, after staring for some moments at the one hideous word, walked along the lane to see if the Cedar Pit Cottages or the hideous little villa named Laurel Bank had been acquired.

They had not, and, realising this, my anger rose fit to choke me. I knew perfectly well why Little Garth had been taken and they had been left.

In the very early days of the war I was chairman of the county council—a pompous fellow—and I had had words about the War Agricultural Committee.

I had, naturally, thought no more about it, but he is a vindictive man, and this was the result of his spite.

I turned back and walked as far as Little Garth, wondering what to do and whom to approach.

I could have cried when I thought of the little white-panelled drawing-room where I had spent such happy hours with poor old Poppegar. I wished in heaven I'd let the place to the woman who bred Alsatians, or sold it to Mollie.

Just at that moment I heard a car come crawling up the lane and stop at the gate behind me. I turned, ready to face the gloating chairman with such composure. But it was only Meg Hessleton and Mollie Prescott.

"Parker said you were here, Edward, so we came to find you. Will you come to dinner on Thursday?" Meg asked.

"If I survive . . . which at

moment I doubt," I said, and pointed to his loathsome paper.

"Good heavens, not soldiers again!" they cried, alighting and coming up the path.

"Worse." I said, and proceeded to give them a rough idea of the tenants the chairman of the county council was hand-picking for me at that very moment. "Two families at least, probably three, with at least eleven children between them, dogs, cats and tame rabbits without number, the wireless going all day. Well, he'd better put one of his damned papers on my door, too. Great Garth will be uninhabitable from now on."

"Oh, Edward, don't say that. We should miss you so frightfully," Meg said. And Mollie Prescott, with real sympathy in her eyes and in her voice, cried, "Oh, but what a shame. That dear little house. What happened, Edward? Didn't Major Dunnett take it? You should have let me know."

"I was mad," I said. "Mad to . . . to . . . procrastinate so long. But he did sound just the right person. And there hasn't been time to let you know. I was just wishing to heaven I'd let you have it in June."

"I wish that, too," she said. And then, bringing her eyebrows together in a perfectly fascinating frown, "Couldn't something be done? I wonder if I could do anything. After all, I'm homeless."

I looked at her and my heart rose. She really was awfully pretty and appealing. At that moment I couldn't understand how I had ever found strength to withstand her.

"Look," I said. . . . I'll leave it to you, Mollie, my dear. If you can save me from the closer acquaintance with the Ruggins, Snuggins, and Buggins that old brute has wished on me I'll sell you the freehold for fifteen hundred or let it to you for £30 a year, whichever you prefer."

"Do you solemnly mean that, Edward?"

"I never meant anything more."

"Meg, you heard him? Mind, Edward, Meg's a witness."

"My word is my bond. Get that thing off the door and the house is yours."

"That's easy," she said. And, leaning over my shoulder, she ripped away the paper.

"Hi," I said, reaching for it, "that's no way to start. You'll put their backs up if you start removing their sacred notices."

THEY BEGAN, the pair of them, to laugh, the light tinkling laughter women use when they think they have scored off somebody. Meg recovered.

"But she put it there, Edward. It's only the end of my rate receipt; young Pam printed the word on the printing set she had for Christmas. We only wanted to frighten you into pushing off your old Dunnett, Edward. We don't want Dunnett in Little Garth, we want Mollie. Oh, Mollie, I do believe he's cross."

"Oh no, he couldn't be," the other silly creature cried. "He's so sweet. You aren't cross, are you, Edward, dear? You're glad to have your mind settled for you, aren't you? And it's only just a joke between ourselves. Meg and I won't say a word. Oh, Edward, if you could have seen your own face when you were describing the Huggins. . . ."

They both went off into what I believe is known as peals of laughter. But I had caught the sting in Mollie's words.

If I stuck to my agreement nobody would ever hear of the joke. If I backed out the whole story, with wild exaggerations, would be all over the county. Mollie had scored.

But, though her goods and chattels are stored in my house, and she'll borrow my cook and my gardener, and be my nearest neighbour for the rest of my life, I shall never, never speak to her again.

London's Murder Spot—2

SMASH THIS CRIME CENTRE

WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator, continues his personal report on the Soho underworld—centre of a crime wave which threatens to sweep all London

YOU CAN DO ALMOST anything in the few romantic acres of Soho—anything, good or bad. You can come up from the country and wander pretty well where you will. You can dodge the police and go into hiding with a reasonable chance of getting away with it.

You can make your fortune or lose all your money, and none of the local "characters" will take much notice. But there is one thing you must not do. You must not "know too much."

Mrs. Gertrude Gold made that mistake. For nearly six months Scotland Yard detectives have been trying to find out who murdered her.

So far they have been completely unsuccessful and, from my own investigations, it seems clear that her murder will have to be added to the long list of Soho's private reckonings.

Mrs. Gold was known to the Soho people as Maisie and scores of respectable traders and inhabitants are delighted that the police have, since she died, launched the attack on London's new crime wave which I described in my article last week.

The haunters of so-called clubs, the women of the streets, gaming-party promoters, waiters in the restaurants—they were all familiar with attractive Maisie.

Although she constantly entertained old friends and casual acquaintances at her flat in South London.

She became very mysterious about her movements for some time before her death.

Who Killed Her?

She would not allow anyone in her room unless she was there. Even the cleaner was barred.

But one morning last March the cleaner quietly opened the bedroom door and peeped inside.

There, lying on the bed, was the battered body of Maisie Gold. She was wearing a blood-stained nightdress, and was so terribly injured that recognition was difficult.

Although detectives from Scotland Yard have joined forces with others from Brixton and from all over the West End, although they have taken scores of statements and combed Soho time and again for clues, they are little nearer a solution than when they started.

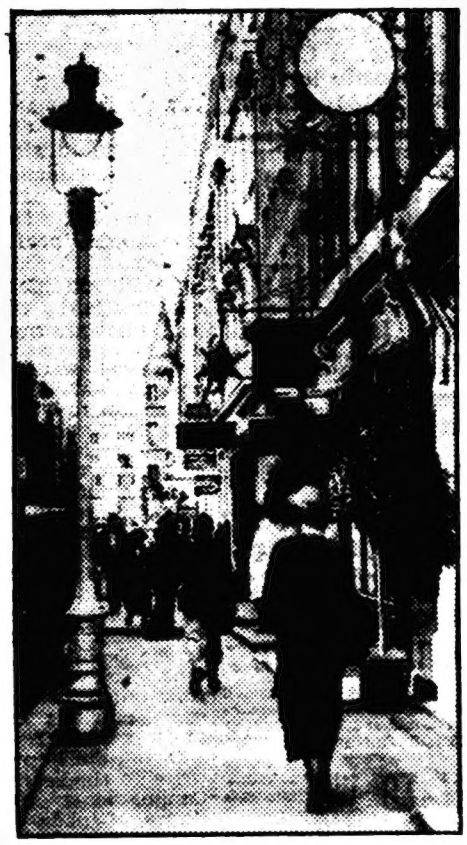
The general theory among those who knew Maisie slightly is that she made her living by enticing men with money to her flat. With that, up to a point, I agree. But it only accounts for a part of Maisie's activities.

From information I have gathered, I am satisfied that she was much more deeply involved with bigger rackets.

She knew scores of men with criminal records and was constantly seen with them. She was friendly with crooks of various nationalities who were no strangers to prison. In different names, she had herself been to jail.

Some of the dupes who got to know her for a few hours were introduced to shady "clubs" and became sodden with drink. When they had been robbed they rarely complained because they would not face the publicity and the likelihood of their families getting to know.

Who *did* kill Maisie Gold?



Frith Street, in the heart of Soho, has almost a continental look. But in this area of London honest traders live shoulder to shoulder with some of the worst criminals in the country

There are three definite possibilities.

One, that, with the aid of others, she robbed an unknown man who discovered his loss and killed her in the struggle to get his money back.

Two, that she was killed by someone of whom she went in fear—someone who she turned on because of blackmail.

Three, that she was the victim of another of Soho's vendettas—the quarrels which have been responsible for the deaths of many in the underworld during the last twenty years.

Maisie Gold, curiously enough, was very friendly with a beautiful French woman named Josephine Martin, who, until a year or so before the war, had a flat near Piccadilly Circus.

Diamond Crook

Josephine Martin was a leading member of one of Soho's biggest vice organisations and was one of about thirty agents for the chief of an international gang. His name was Emile Allard.

Allard was completely unscrupulous. He would make regular trips to Rome, Brussels, Paris and Amsterdam, and was well known in the Montmartre and Montparnasse districts of Paris. He brought off many crooked diamond deals.

One day, in London, Josephine Martin was found dead in the bedroom of her flat. The circumstances were similar to those in which Maisie Gold was discovered.

Josephine's murderer was never traced, but a few months after she died Emile Allard was himself found dead. Although several criminals with international reputations were known to be involved, no one was ever convicted of Allard's murder.

In the meantime, fresh facts about the Allard gang are coming to light. Many of his associates are still in London and more will be heard of them before very long.

Perhaps, with the new information, the mystery of Maisie Gold will be solved—the mystery of yet another Soho woman who "knew too much."

The detectives who are cleaning up the crime area in which she worked have an enormous and dangerous task.

They know that, apart from vice and murder, they are faced with secret financial syndicates which are negotiating illicit currency deals running into thousands of pounds.

Selling Stolen Jewellery

The racketeers acting for these syndicates are disposing of diamond rings and other jewels stolen in house and shop robberies. They sell to agents acting for anonymous buyers and wads of ordinary £1 notes are used. But these notes have been put into circulation in such a way that they cannot be traced.

All this is now going on in Soho, and the police know it. They know, too, that many of the big food and tobacco thefts, mostly from lorries, are planned here.

They know that they have to tackle many secret food and wine dumps—some in country warehouses—but all controlled by men who operate from Soho "clubs."

Not long ago police patrols spent weeks trying to discover where large quantities of stolen food had been taken. It had come from lorries that had been stolen on the way from the North, ransacked and abandoned in some country road.

In one case the authorities were successful, and they rounded up a Black Market gang which had for a long time been selling food to Soho café proprietors. The leader is still free, but the police seldom let him out of sight now.

It is on record at Scotland Yard that one Soho caterer paid out nearly £3,000 for Black Market food that, at controlled prices was worth £1,300 at the most.

Customs and Excise officials have recently been collaborating with Scotland Yard officers to trace the source of supply to Soho addresses of large quantities of liquor, including whisky, gin, port and rum. One consignment, which is still the subject of close inquiry, involved nearly 50,000 bottles of different brands.

Coupon Thefts

Nor is this all.

Scotland Yard—and chiefs of certain leading provincial police forces—know that many recent crimes of other kinds were planned in Soho centres. They include night robberies at sub-post offices and at officially occupied buildings in which large quantities of loose coupons and coupon books are stored.

Over 7,000,000 coupons have been stolen, in large and separate quantities, during the last year, and many of the Soho crooks are suspected of being behind the scenes.

Finally, some leading members of racing gangs which were broken up by the police just before the war have lately been seen in various Soho haunts.

They are believed to be planning a new "comeback." It seems as if it has already begun with the perfection of a scheme to cause riots on dog tracks and racecourses so that Tote offices can be raided.

So, when all is weighed up, Scotland Yard's "Clean Up" men have a busy time before them, particularly as they know that many of the men are desperate and often armed.

Nevertheless, it is a task that must be tackled—and tackled to the last degree.

NEXT WEEK: FOREIGN CROOKS RETURN TO SOHO.

To-day We Celebrate . . .

WITH the 33rd Birthday of *Bullets* this week comes *John Bull's* 1,500th invitation to win a big cheque for a few words. And that thrilling Celebration First Prize, by far the biggest for years, is for no less than £500!

During recent weeks two R.A.F. men, an Ayr woman, a Bristol railwayman, a London ledger clerk, a Carlisle railway worker and a Belfast dental mechanic have all known that grand and glorious First Prize feeling.

Well, who's next? If it is to be you, see your coupon below goes in to Long Acre in time to bring you *John Bull's* £500 Joy Wire on Friday, November 2.

Result No. 1496—FIRST PRIZE £200 and Celebration Week-End

W. PAYNE, 16, GLADSMUIR ROAD, HIGHGATE, N.19.

LET'S BE THANKFUL
WORLD'S OPPORTUNITY KNOCKING TWICE!

£20 plus Souvenir Pen :
J. T. Clements, 73, Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, S.W.16.
From Uncle Sam—Roosevelt's Spirit Departed, Too?

£10 plus Souvenir Pen :
R. McGuire, 14, Victoria Street, Bury.
Gets Us Nowhere—Wishing—Wish It Did!

5 of £5 :
A.C.1, C. H. Cooper, 56, Weymoor Road, Harborne, Birmingham.
Dad's Learning Golf, So—Other "Rabbits" Keeping Underground!
L. Holden, 29, Bryan Road, Blackpool.
With A Little Sigh—Trying Necklaces, Recalling Daisy-chain.
A. Rothe, 13, Sipson Road, West Drayton.
My Little World—"Arctic Circle," This Winter?
F. Wadsworth, 21, Park Gate, Chadderton.
Gets Us Nowhere—Except Heaven, Lovers' Lane.
A. J. Wright, Flat 7, 163, Queen's Drive, London, N.4.
From Uncle Sam—"Back-hander" Inspiring "Smashing Drive."

5 of £4 :
Pte. Bainbridge, c/o 74A, Melfort Road, Thornton Heath.
When Work's Abolished—The "Time We'll Have"!
W. A. Bell, 9, South Crescent, Thirsk.
More Than Romance—Date With Tobacconist's Assistant!
D. M. Hitchcock, Locke Cottage, Halstock, Nr. Yeovil.
Let's Be Thankful—Middleton Made *Gardening* Grow!
Mrs. L. Stepp, 1, Durgates Cottage, Wadhurst.
Hardly Noticed—Auntie, Be Swooned Louder!
L. G. Vine, Beamond, Dormansland, Lingfield.
From Uncle Sam—Clear Speaking—Muddled Thinking.

A list of 50 winners of 10s. and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

THREE BIG CHEQUES WON—XWORD 448.
WINNING WORDS : 1. Cap. 2. Rust. 3. Wretch. 4. Cob. 5. Door. 6. Herd. 7. Chink. 8. Garnet. 9. Fuel. 10. Duns. 11. News or Newa. 12. Crust or Crust. 13. Van. 14. Lag.
£100 SHARERS : J. M. Agnew, High St., Largan, N. Ireland ; Mrs. W. Birch, 33, King St., Haywood, Lancs. ; Mrs. M. Gavaghan, 53, Church St. Cheetham, Manchester.
RUNNERS-UP Awards value £25 shared between 28 entrants.

"Bullets" 33rd Birthday!

BIGGEST 1st PRIZE FOR MANY YEARS

£500

and 32 OTHER CHEQUES : £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 6 of £5, 20 of £2, 200 of 2s. 6d.

SUPPORTED BY

1,500 NEW PRIZES

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* dated November 3, with details of £50 FREE OFFER FOR "BULLETIN" READERS.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

POOR BRITANNIA
VICTORY'S CAKE
THESE DAYS
WISER WORLD
KING COAL
MAN WHO FOUGHT
ALMIGHTY DOLLAR
BLUNT WORDS
UPSET TOMMY
FACE TO FACE
WINTER'S INVASION
HEALTH IS PRICELESS, SO
JOB FOR SONNY
IN THE PICTURE
LIKE IT OR NOT
COUGHS AND SNEEZES
TURNED OUT
FUNNILY ENOUGH
TICKLISH SITUATION
TREAT FOR THE TRAVELLER

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

OUGHT TO BE.....
UP TO.....
WHEN GRANDPA.....
NOT SO.....
GASPING FOR.....
OFF WENT THE.....AND

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 10, and Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,500, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O Value .....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,500
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, Oct. 22.

Signed.....
Address .....
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For £50 "BULLETIN" (NOV. 3), ENCLOSE 2½d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENV.

write to JOHN BULL about it

POLICE-WORK OVERSEAS: THE PROSPECTS

Working for a degree. Amateur house-decorating. Informative books on the war. Income-tax collection system

"MY FRIEND AND I are both at a County Grammar School and hope to sit for the school-leaving certificate next summer. We want to take up police work in one of the Colonies or Dominions, preferably in South Africa.

"Will you please tell us what qualifications will be required and what are our chances?"

So you want an adventurous life, do you? Fine! But you need not begin to worry yet. You cannot be accepted into the police force overseas until you are twenty or twenty-one.

The chief qualifications are: (a) splendid health—there will be a stiff medical examination; (b) a really good general education, with plenty of miscellaneous knowledge on all kinds of subjects and plenty of sound common sense.

But appointments to police work in the Dominions are made on the spot. You would have to go out at your own expense, and if you had some previous experience of life there it would be helpful.

If you are impatient you should write to the secretary to the High Commissioner at South Africa House, Canada House, Australia House, etc., in London, for information about the chances of acceptance for such work.

"I AM NOW twenty-five years of age, and during the last four years I have been employed as a clerk. I shall probably lose the position shortly and would like to study for a degree before seeking another job.

"I should like to work for a B.A., a B.Sc., or B.Comm. Which of these three degrees would be best? Would a B.Sc. or B.Comm. be useful in the teaching profession?"

Not many men of twenty-five can afford to take time off to work for a degree. Unless you are exceptionally clever you will not be likely to graduate before you are thirty.

Whichever of these degrees you work for, you will have to begin by taking the Matriculation. I advise you to concentrate on that. By the time you have passed it you will know better in which direction your abilities lie.

The three degrees you mention may all be useful to a teacher. A B.Sc. degree is useful in other professions as well. Big industrial firms require scientists in a score of ways. The B.A. degree has little vocational value except to a teacher or a clergyman. Business firms may be glad to have a man with a B.Comm. on their administrative staff—provided that he has the right type of mind for business.

"I AM A NATIVE of Holland and should like to ask your advice about books and other publications on the war. Under the German occupation there was no chance of buying anything worthwhile about the subject.

"Now I am very anxious to learn the titles of books which deal with the war in its widest aspects. Will you give me a list so that I can order them as soon as the export to my country is possible?

So many books about the war have been published and sold out, that we shall have to wait a while before there is an authentic survey of the whole subject. In the meantime, I suggest that you try to get official publications like "The Battle of Britain," "Bomber Command," "Coastal Command," "The Eighth Army," "Ocean Front," "Mediterranean Fleet," "Front Line," and several more.

They are all cheap, lavishly illustrated, and should be obtainable from H.M. Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

But write to me again in three months' time and I will supply you with titles of longer books which are at present in the hands of the printers.

"MY WIFE AND I want to get some decorating done in the house, but builders and decorators seem to be fully occupied and will not make any promises about when they will have time to do the work.

"Can you tell me of any good books about distempering, wall-papering, painting, and so forth?"

Naturally, skill and practical experience are needed to produce really good results, but book knowledge is always a help. I suggest that you ask a bookseller to try to get you the following books: *Housecraft: Principles and Practice* (Pitman, 8s. 6d.); *The House: A Machine for Living In* (Black, 6s.); *Painting and Decorating* (Crosby Lockwood. 5s.).

The Scottish Housing Advisory Committee has produced *Planning Our New Homes*, which is obtainable from H.M. Stationery Office, Edinburgh.

£100 XWORD CASH

£100 FIRST PRIZE. Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Some are valued more highly than gold—ME□ALS. 2. It's often foolish for motorists to boast of their—FIN□S. 3. Snowflakes aren't so apt to do this as hailstones are—□ELT. 4. You ought to know where to find it—PU□SE. 5. Occasionally causes serious loss to farmer—S□EEP. 6. Often wears a bit flat—SOL□. 7. It's easy to pay too much for becoming this—H□T. 8. This can go against a team playing cricket—□IDE. 9. Don't imbibe too much when you do this—DI□E. 10. Builder's men can soon put one up—□ALL. 11. It seems absurd, on the face of it, to quarrel about—PE□CE. 12. Would receive a blow if there were no more petrol—TAX□S. 13. Some fond parents treat their kiddies' bad conduct with—LE□ITY. 14. Rugger players must often get this when playing—M□D.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated Nov. 3 with £50 FREE OFFER, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing Postmark—MONDAY, Oct. 22.

ADDRESS ENTRY : Xword 452, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 448 Result below "Bullets" Winners:

P.A.Y.E. Problem

D. C., Hatfield: You are under a misapprehension as to the system of income tax collection in operation before P.A.Y.E. began. For about two years before April, 1944, when P.A.Y.E started, employers were notified how much to deduct from the wages of each employee during the next six months or year.

The weakness of this procedure was that the collection of tax was made seven or ten months in arrear. The tax that was being deducted by your employer in March, 1944, was on account of a liability that accrued nearly a year previously.

The remission of tax for 1943-44 was not intended to give anybody a holiday from tax payment. It was merely intended to wipe out the ten months' arrears on April 6, 1944, when the P.A.Y.E. system was started.

M. W., Nuneaton: Men placed in Class W (T) Reserve to work in coal mines will not normally be recalled to the Forces, nor allowed to volunteer to return without the permission of the National Service Officer. After final discharge from the Forces direct from the mines, they will not have the usual fifty-six days' leave, but they will get the appropriate gratuity.

G. K., Aberdeen: A large number of airmen released to industry were given instructions to the effect that their period of release "would count as service towards their current engagement." There has always been discussion on the implication of that phrase. When the age and service scheme was devised, it was decided that only full-time sevice with the Forces should count. But the airmen took the instructions to mean that, when demobilisation began they would be treated as if they had served their whole time in the R.A.F.

It is now recognised that they arrived at their interpretation of the pledge in good faith. The Air Ministry has, therefore, agreed to count the periods of release of those airmen only who received the written pledge.

R. F., Windsor: Persons employed on Civil Defence duties at industrial premises were not members of the Civil Defence (General) Services run by the local authorities. They are, therefore, not eligible for a war gratuity.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Your Life hangs on a Nail

By a Biochemist

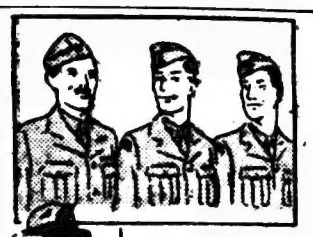
The amount of iron in your body is not very great; actually about as much as would make a 1½-inch nail. But it is vital.

For it is the *iron* associated with the haemoglobin in the billions of red cells of your blood which alone gives them the all-important power of extracting oxygen from the air you breathe into your lungs, in order that it may be carried to all the cells of your body.

If this process did not take place, life would be impossible, for it is only in the presence of oxygen in your body cells that the products of the food you eat can be transformed into the heat and energy essential to life. Again, if this process becomes partially ineffective through *iron-starvation*, health and vitality suffer accordingly. There is fortunately a sure safeguard against *iron-starvation*. IRON 'JELLOIDS' provide the essential iron in a form in which it is always fresh and easily absorbed. IRON 'JELLOIDS' might, in fact, be regarded as a food supplement rather than as a medicine.

N.B.—If you are not feeling up to the mark, if you are nervy, easily tired, unable to enjoy your food, suspect *iron-starvation* and start taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' *with your next meal*. As your *iron-strength* increases, your will find yourself feeling better every day, in everyway.

Get the Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2 are available at your chemist's now, price 1/4, which includes Purchase Tax. Although production is still restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you.



When Right Dress' becomes a matter of choice, shoes will still be polished with

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

to keep them smart, comfortable and waterproof.

IN TINS - - 3d. AND 6d.

COVER

WHEN GOOD TIMES RETURN—SO WILL H. SAMUEL WATCHES! —and, thanks to our wartime re-search and experience they'll be finer than ever in design, precision and value.

H. SAMUEL FOR GOOD WATCHES

99 BRANCHES

No Post Orders

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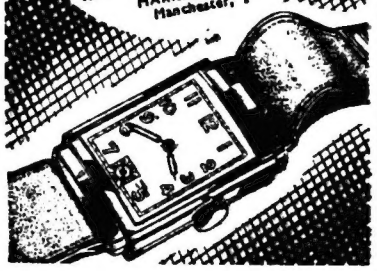


VD —a shadow on his future?

Good health should be the birthright of every baby, yet venereal disease may be passed from parents to children, causing life-long suffering. V.D. is also a cause of inability to have children.

What are the Venereal Diseases?

The main ones are Syphilis and Gonorrhœa, two different diseases caused by different germs. Syphilis is a killing disease. If not treated early and skilfully it can cause death or total disablement in early middle life. Unless an infected mother is treated early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child. Gonorrhœa may lead to chronic ill-health and inability to have children, in both men and women.

How is V.D. caught?

In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with a person already infected. The passing of the disease in any other way is so uncommon that it need not be feared. Venereal disease can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor; self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous. Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment at once.

Clean Living

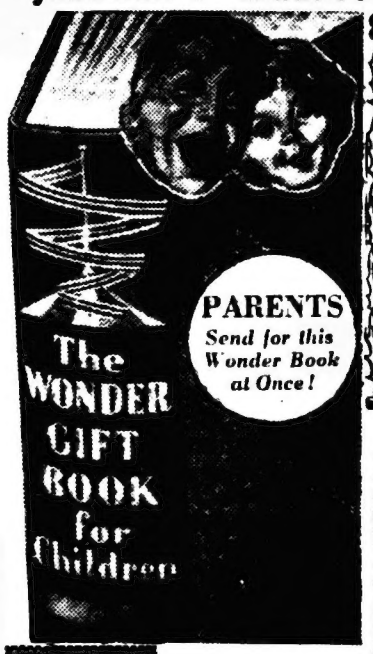
Safeguards the Children

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. (The addresses are given on local posters.) Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, and Central Council for Health Education

(VD 45-16)

"John Bull's" Xmas Presentation for Children



PARENTS *Send for this Wonder Book at Once!*

THE WONDER GIFT BOOK FOR CHILDREN

326 PAGES

270 PICTURES

COLOUR WRAPPER

LOOK!

at the names of some of the famous writers who contribute to this fascinating book!

Hilaire Belloc.
E. M. Delafield.
Eleanor Farjeon.
Rudyard Kipling.
Stephen Leacock.
E. V. Lucas.
Walter De La Mare.
L. Du Garde Peach.
Robert Louis Stevenson.
H. G. Wells.
Percy F. Westerman.
T. H. White.
and many others.

FOR our first peacetime Xmas for years the children deserve something really extra special! This week "John Bull" gives every reader an opportunity to secure, at a special privilege price, a copy of THE WONDER GIFT BOOK FOR CHILDREN—a Book that will thrill boys and girls of all ages! Just think! 326 big pages, 160,000 words and 270 specially prepared illustrations. Here's Romance, Adventure, Fun, Mystery, Fantasy, Magic—many hours of enthralling entertainment in which children will revel! **It's never too early to think of Xmas Presents,** and there will be a big demand for this lovely volume. It's first come—first served. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Apply AT ONCE.

STANDARD EDITION, bound in blue bookcloth. Send only **5s. 9d.,** which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DE LUXE EDITION, bound in Scarlet Leathercloth. **Send only 6s. 9d.,** which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW. Fill in Order Label. Indicate Edition required and post with Postal Order for correct amount to: **Odhams Press Ltd., Wonder Gift Book for Children, J.V.1, Kings Langley, Herts.** Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. All applications must be received **by not later than October 24th.** This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. **If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be stated.**

SEND TODAY

A **BOOK WITH CARE**
Carriage Paid Home
WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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ADDRESS .....

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STANDARD EDITION 5/9 DE LUXE EDITION 6/9

Strike out Edition not required.

N.C.B.I.

I.V.1. 13/10/45.

Your Thank Offering for Victory

Will you, as a Peace Thank Offering, support the great Christmas Appeal for the Hospital for Sick Children, Gt. Ormond St., W.C.1, by promising to send a donation at Christmas?

If so, please fill in below the details asked for and we will remind you of your promise in good time. Thank you.

I PROMISE TO SEND..... (amount)

NAME (Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

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WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE.

I.V.1. 13/10/45

ASPRO STANDS FOR PAIN RELIEF by Safe & Simple Means!

Pain is an elusive foe—Science needs all its forces to combat it. But once knowledge of the causes is obtained the means to banish them becomes evident. In thousands of cases 'ASPRO' PROVIDES THE ANSWER. 'ASPRO' action is two-fold: it soothes and soothes away the pain and at the same time exerts a wonderful healing influence. The ill-adjusted state of affairs is ended: a state of health and bodily harmony returns. This simple, safe method has saved Humanity countless hours of pain. The help which 'ASPRO' affords sufferers is always being testified to by letters received from all sorts of people whom 'ASPRO' has freed from headaches, rheumatic pain, neuralgia, autumn chills, sleeplessness, etc.

The People's Word PROVES 'ASPRO' CLAIMS

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Dear Sir,—I am very pleased with the action of 'ASPRO' as regards its quick action relief of pain and non-toxicity. My patients are quite satisfied and I am sure they will use nothing but 'ASPRO' when necessary. Thanking you and wishing you all the best. Dr. —— L.R.C.S. (Ceylon), M.B., B.S. (Lond.). (Name withheld for professional reasons.)

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200 SHEETS IN EACH ROLL

Guaranteed 100% Pure

Max. Controlled Price 3½d. per roll.

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

GLUCOSE BARLEY SUGAR on points in Eastern zone.

VITA GLUCOSE for extra ENERGY—is reserved during scarcity for Diabetics in Hypoglycaemia and urgent medical cases.

MEDICATIONS T.C.L., Glycerine of Thymol. Iodised Sore Throat and Friars Balsam Tablets. Generally available. 50% allocated to ALL pre-war purchaser chemists.

Simpkin's of Sheffield

FOR DELICIOUS PASTRY use plain flour and BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER The Best in the World

FOOD M.F. FACTS

No. 9 IN A SPECIAL SERIES

making the MOST of PRIORITIES

for children Young children have been given priority allowances of certain foods because they *must* have these foods if they are to grow up healthy and strong. The Ministry of Food has put these foods within reach, but the last word is with the mother. If you have children who are entitled to priorities for their health's sake, see that they get their full share. They are part of a plan worked out by doctors and scientists.

ORANGE JUICE & COD LIVER OIL

A shortage of the vitamin contained in orange juice may cause such troubles as peevishness, tiredness, lack of vitality, and, later, spongy gums. Cod liver oil contains vitamins which strengthen a child's resistance to infections and help the body to build strong, sturdy bones. Please remember that supplies depend upon bottles, and take back the emptics when you go.

MILK Children need every drop of their priority milk to build strong bones and healthy bodies. It contains fat, sugar and "builder", and supplies calcium for strong bones and good teeth. Do, please, give the whole of the children's milk to the children.

Every holder of a child's Ration Book (R.B.2) gets a pint of milk a day. Holders of the junior Ration Book (R.B.4) get half a pint of milk each day in addition to any they may get at school.

EGGS Children should be given their full allowances of eggs if they are to have a fair start in life. Children from 6 months to 2 years have an allowance of shell eggs at the rate of 3 a week. Children holding the green Ration Book (R.B.2) are still allowed 2 packets of dried eggs at every allocation.

MORE FOOD FACTS BY RADIO AT 8.20 a.m. ON THURSDAYS

The Ministry of Food, London, W.1. 273

If mornings find you sluggish, hard to wake, there's a simple remedy: it's just this—
— every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets

(Regd.)

By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

For Quicker, Smoother, Cooler Shaves

CHANGE TO

COLGATE

Brushless SHAVE CREAM

IN SHORTER SUPPLY NOW LIKE MOST GOOD THINGS

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off—like lightning without sting or burn! 1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

LISTEN TO YOUR WISER SELF!

Ever found yourself half way through the revolving doors, bent on buying something you don't really need? Pause, and listen to what your wiser self has to say about it. He says "Wait! Remember: you pay your money, and take your choice, so why not wait till there's *more* choice in the shops. Be sensible and go on buying National Savings Certificates."

BECAUSE

- Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.
- This increase is not subject to Income Tax.
- They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.
- Savings up keeps prices down.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

Time and time again a skin trouble which seemed as though it would never heal, has taken a sudden turn and quickly cleared up. The skin that was sore and erupted is clean and healthy again. Days and nights of torment are ended; and all because someone said "Get some Dettol Ointment." This soothing, healing, germ-killing ointment contains in active form the bactericidal ingredient of the famous antiseptic Dettol.

Take my advice . . . get some DETTOL BRAND OINTMENT

From all Chemists, price 1/5, *large size* 3/4½, *including tax.*

the daily round

It is a comfortable thought when facing the daily round to know that in one's pocket is a packet of "Player's" . . .

Player's Please

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PLAIN OR CORK TIPS

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